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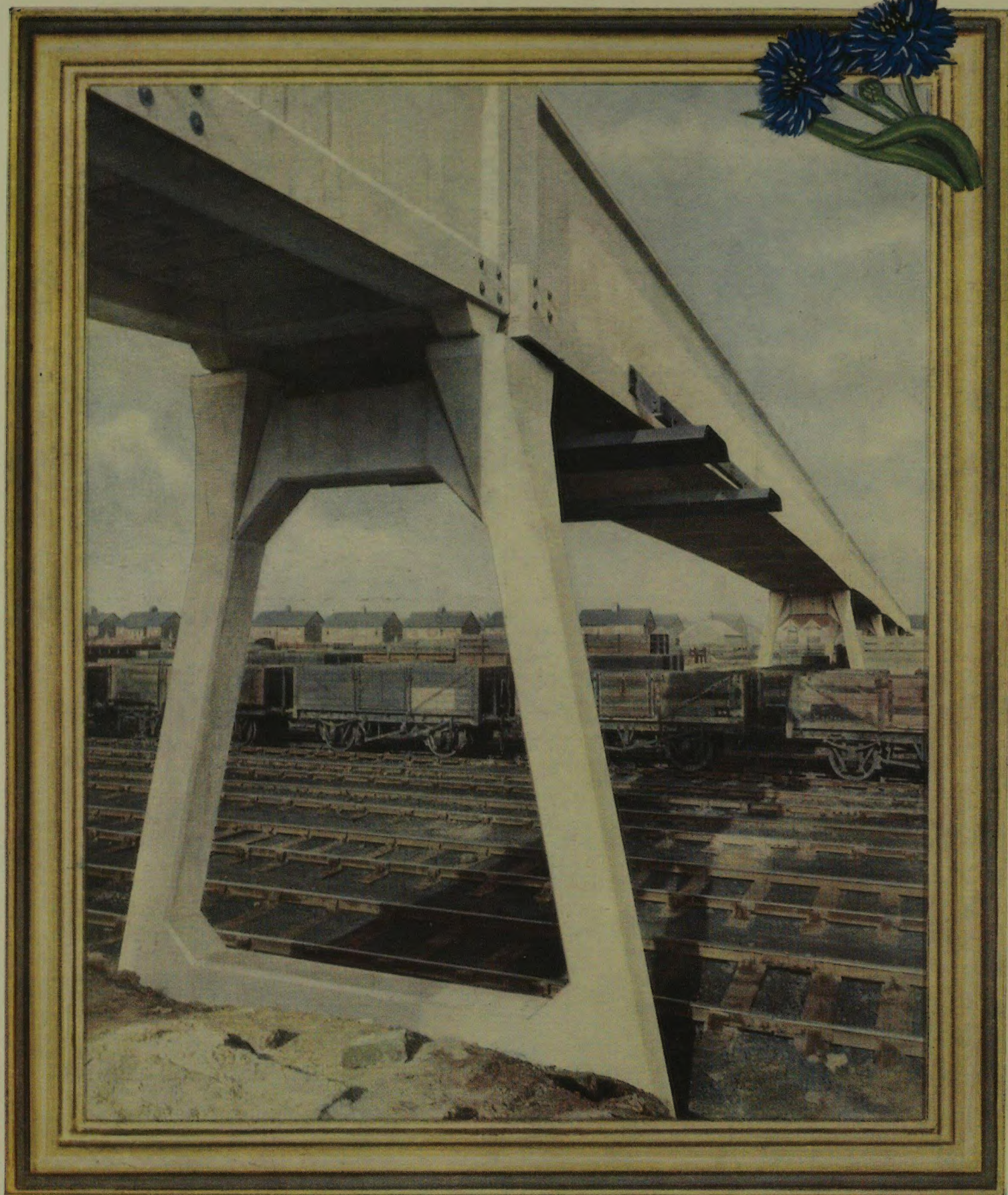
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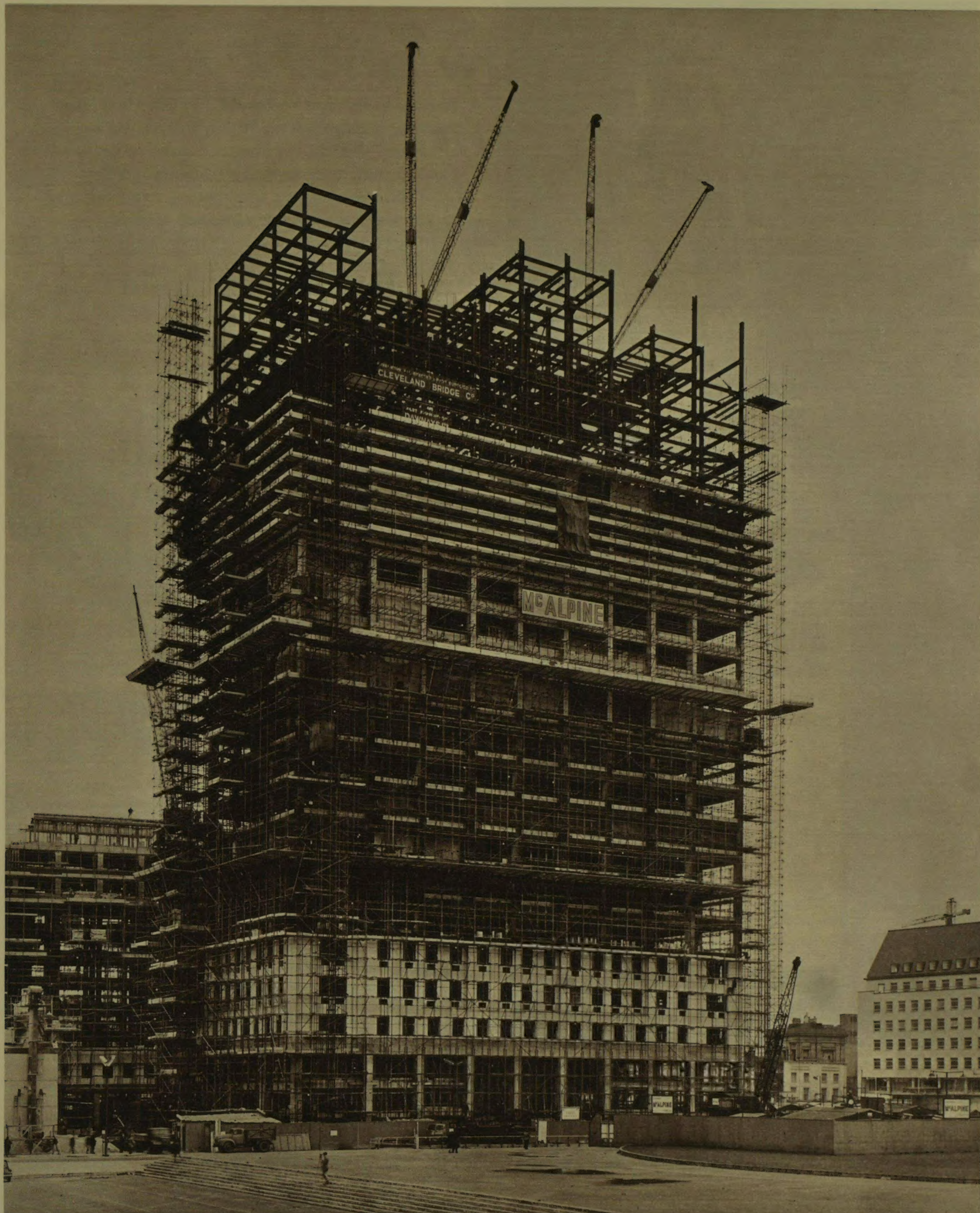
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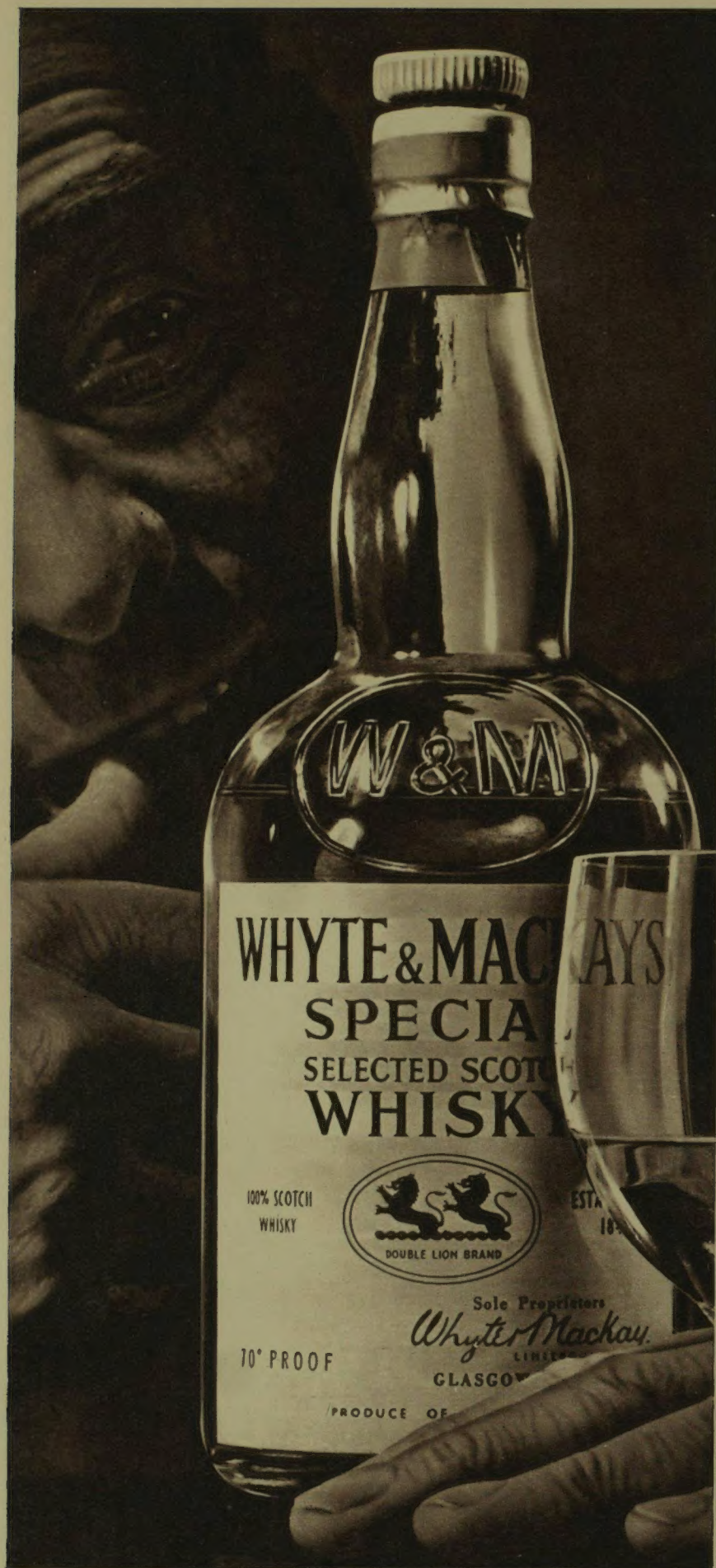
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welcome always - keep it handy -

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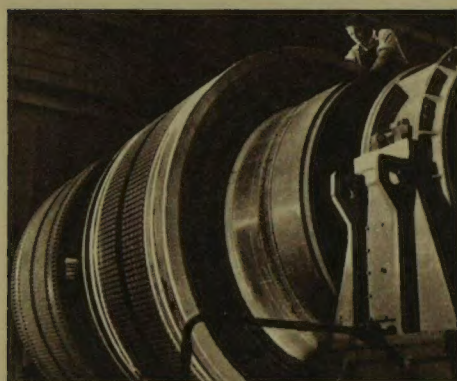
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Sportsman's 39/6 bottle - Queens 35/9 bottle

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For higher standards of living, rapid, economical transport is just as important as increased production. English Electric locomotives and other traction equipment—including diesel-electric locomotives and motor coaches totalling over 1,000,000 h.p.—have helped to modernize 77 railways in 30 countries. 160 of these 2,000 h.p. electric locomotives have been supplied to South African Railways; the two shown are hauling the Johannesburg Mail in Natal. The stone marks the spot where Sir Winston Churchill was captured during the Boer War.

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The composite armature for a large English Electric motor during manufacture for a steel-works. Steel is one of the basic requirements of any industrial country and comprehensive contracts for steel rolling-mill drives have been carried out by English Electric all over the world for over half a century.

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But how can a power station in a foreign country you may never see affect you? First, because it brings in large amounts of currency, to import goods we all want. Second, it raises living standards in that country, and people there will have more money to spend on the things we make.

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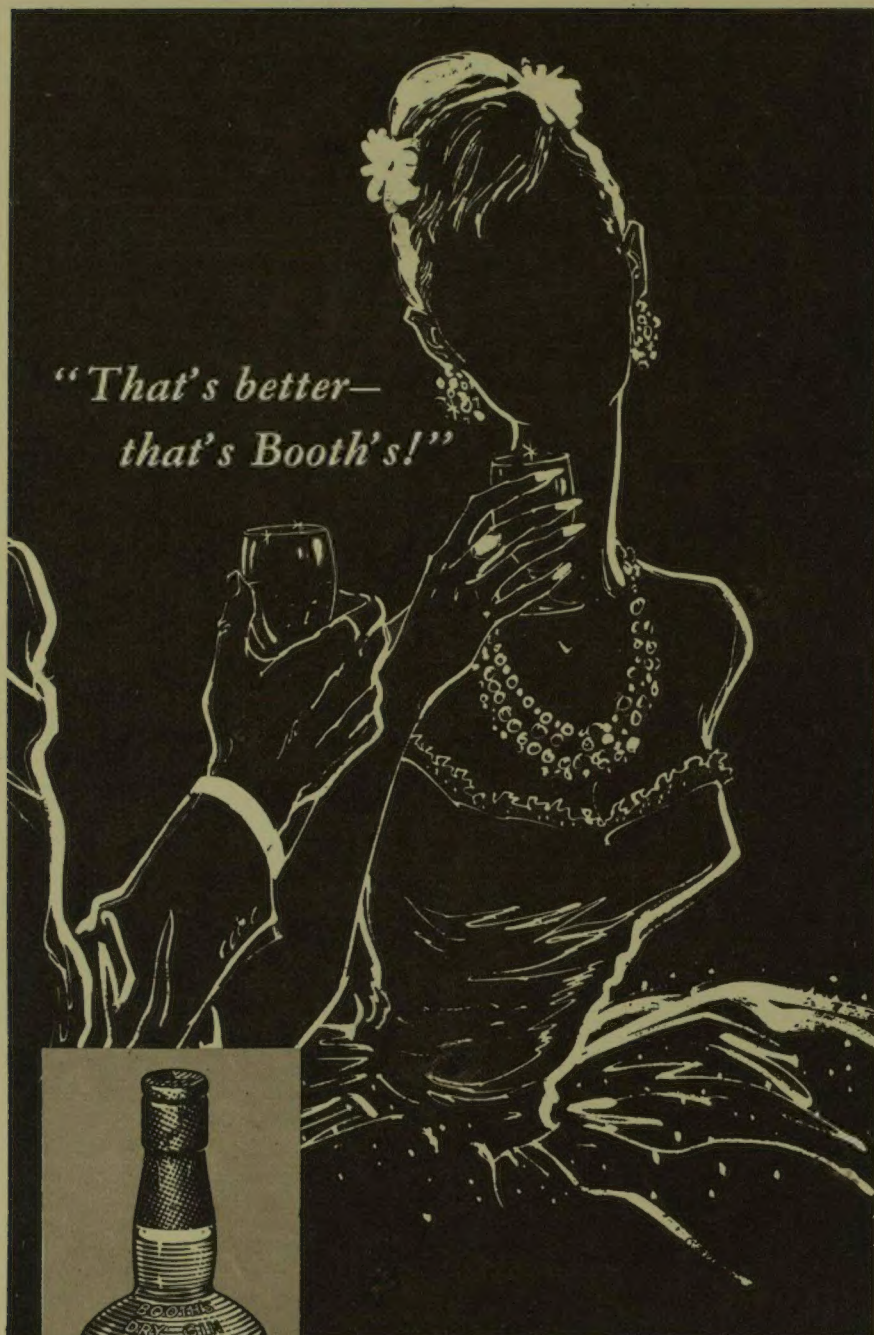
Better living in Britain; better living abroad; in the final analysis, a worthwhile existence for everyone—the business of English Electric now.

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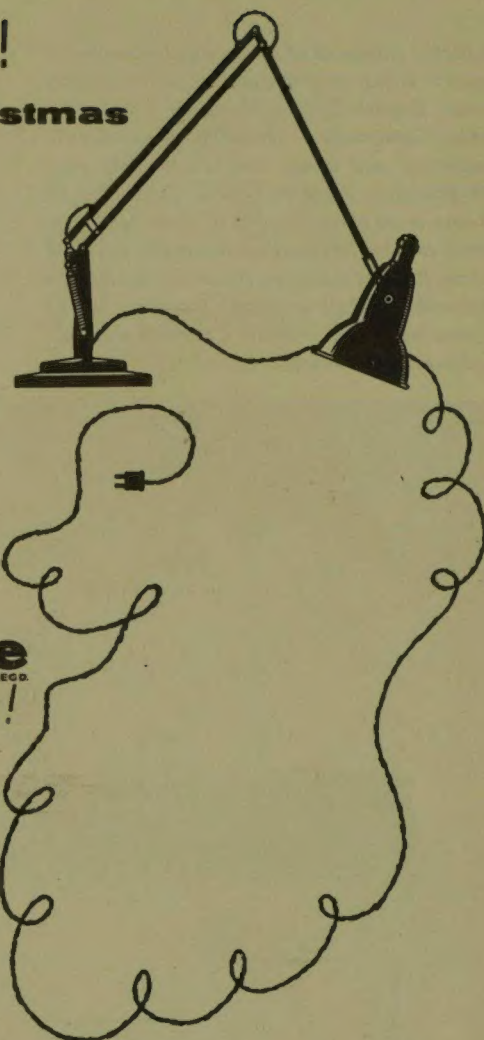


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CINZANO BIANCO is a wonderful mixer with gin or vodka ... and deliciously different as a straight drink or with ice and soda.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1959.



HELICOPTER RESCUE IN A FULL GALE: SAVING THE CREW OF THE NORTH CARR LIGHTSHIP.

On December 8, the unpowered but manned North Carr lightship broke her moorings in the Tay estuary. In response to her radio messages the Broughty Ferry lifeboat *Mona* put out but was lost with all hands. The lightship managed to anchor about two miles offshore in St. Andrew's Bay. An attempt to effect a tow failed and on December 9 two Bristol Sycamore helicopters of the R.A.F. Station, Leuchars, staged a rescue operation under the command of Flight-Lieutenant J. E. McCrea. When this took place a full gale was blowing, the

sky was overcast and the lightship was rolling and pitching heavily. For some thirty-five minutes the first helicopter circled while the ship's crew of seven cut away the aftermast, which was complicating the task of rescue; and then within half an hour, the two helicopters, hovering sometimes as low as between 5 and 10 ft. above the lantern, rapidly lifted the men from the after-portion of the superstructure, the first helicopter taking two, the next two, and finally three. Throughout the lightship was riding head-on to very heavy seas.

Drawn by our Special Artist G. H. Davis, S.M.A., S.Av.A., with the co-operation of Air Sea Rescue Helicopter Flight, R.A.F. Station, Leuchars.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE proposal that a house in Suez where a young British officer was dragged after being kidnapped under a flag of truce and brutally done to death by so-called Egyptian fighting-men is not one which does much credit either to the Egyptian character or to Egyptian ideas of patriotism. But if Egyptians like to take credit in what to any honourable or civilised being—whatever his views about the sorry Middle East story of 1956—must seem, on every score, a shameful, brutal and cowardly act, no one is going to be injured by their doing so except the Egyptians themselves in the esteem of others. It seemed to argue a curious lack of balance in certain sections of our Press that it should have been suggested that Great Britain, having just re-established diplomatic relations with Egypt, should immediately break them off because some Egyptian or Egyptians wished to advertise in this way the fact that their country had no other military exploit to commemorate except a peculiarly nasty and cold-blooded murder executed in breach of faith and under a flag of truce. If the Egyptian people, as a whole—which I doubt—take any real pleasure in glorying in the fact, that, it seems to me, is their business; not ours.

The truth is that the Egyptians are, on the whole, a friendly and, when they are in the mood for kindness, a kindly people. They are not as a race distinguished for martial courage—though, like everyone else, they can be warlike enough at times when there is no serious opposition and they feel it safe to be so—and for that reason, and no other, they have suffered a great deal of oppression. For this they are not so much to be blamed as to be pitied. Courage is so largely a matter of health, of instinctive nervous reactions and of sound training and education that, by and large, it is usually unjust to blame anyone for not possessing it. Yet this is a harsh world, and the lot of anyone without courage is nearly always a hard one. "Fear God," said Isopel Berners in the "Romany Rye," "and take your own part. There's Bible in that, young man; see how Moses feared God and how he took his own part against everyone who meddled with him. So fear God, young man, and never give in." That is profoundly true and very much what Winston Churchill, fortunately for ourselves and the world, told us to remember in 1940. Sooner or later, one discovers, no one can get along very far in this world without courage.

That has been the trouble with Egypt for long, and why Egypt's history has been so tragic a one. I am not suggesting that individual Egyptians lack courage—many of them, no doubt, have often shown great personal courage, in this and every other generation, including, I feel, with all his manifest faults, Colonel Nasser. But as a nation they have failed conspicuously to do what Isopel Berners bade the Romany Rye to do, and their lot as a nation has been, as a result, what it has been. Otherwise it would not, even to the most degraded and degenerate

Egyptian, seem a matter for self-congratulation that the cold-blooded murder of a solitary and defenceless young foreigner, seized in breach of Egypt's pledged word, should be commemorated as an act of self-congratulation. For Egypt would have had braver and more honourable deeds to commemorate.

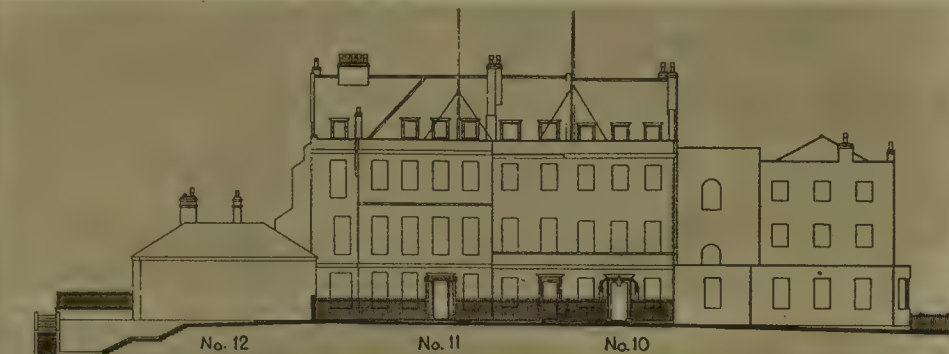
Yet in the remote past Egypt was a great country, with a strong faith, a strong civilisation and, to maintain these, a strong people. Hers, indeed, was one of the longest-lived civilisations in human annals. It is all so long ago that we do not know the true reasons why her people's faith and courage proved insufficient to preserve her strength and civilisation. But that there was some ultimate failure to observe the eternal laws that govern the lives of men and nations we can be sure. What matters to us is not whether the

violence, that justice so far as it could be ascertained should be done between man and man and nation and nation, and that lawless force should be resisted, with patience if patience could prevail and, if not, with the requisite force necessary to restrain it. In pursuit of that faith we made ourselves strong, notably at sea, and bore, willingly, considerable burdens and sacrifices, both as individuals and as a nation, to ensure that strength. Thus the maintenance of the Royal Navy and the sea-power it ensured was regarded as the first political responsibility of every Briton. It is what both enabled us to live as free men and to ensure freedom for others. To neglect the Navy seemed the worst of national follies and, not only folly, but national selfishness. For the more assured Britain's control of the seas, the more secure was mankind from lawless violence

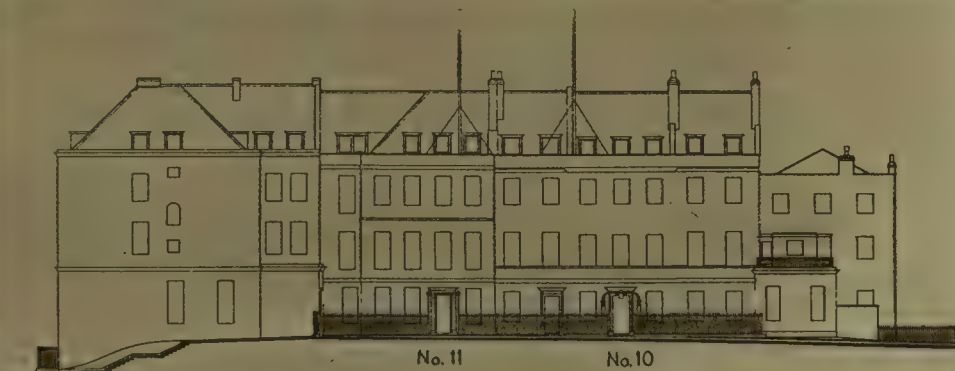
and the more widely spread was the ideal of liberty throughout the world. Because in the 19th century and after, the Royal Navy preserved the freedom of the seas and stood between tyranny and its goal, self-government and the rule of law in conformity with it are established to-day in many countries where a century or so ago they were inconceivable. And without it and the strength we gave it by our support, not only Napoleon and the Kaiser's Germany, but Hitler and the Nazis would have triumphed. In 1939 and 1940 many people—including Hitler—supposed that the coming of the air weapon had removed the necessity for sea-power. They were wrong, and it was well for the world's liberty and our own that they were. Even had we failed to win the Battle of Britain, Nazi Germany and her Italian ally could have crushed us and overrun all Europe and Asia had they been able to wrest from us what, for all our pre-war neglect we still held, the sceptre of the seas. To-day, under all sorts of pre-emptious and high-sounding excuses, we have abdicated that sceptre to others, in particular to our American ally, in whose strength and devotion to the cause of human freedom we repose, probably for the moment rightly, complete confidence.

Even to the great land-power of Soviet Russia we have permitted a comparative strength at sea which our fathers—peace-loving though they were—would never have tolerated in another and, possibly hostile, Power.

"Hence the faith and fire within us!" Churchill's service to mankind—the reason he is honoured to-day above all other living men—is that he recalled us to the fact, not only that we had a national faith and morality infinitely worth preserving both for ourselves and others, but that the world being what it is, we could only hope to do so by our own sacrifices and exertions. What is true in war remains true in peace, and we have no right to complain of the ill-faith and treachery of others unless we have the courage and resolution to defend what we believe to be right. And if we only believe it to be right with sufficient conviction, we may re-discover the resolution to do so.



AN ELEVATION OF NOS. 10-12, DOWNING STREET, AS THEY ARE AT PRESENT.



AN ELEVATION OF THE SAME FRONTAGE AS IT WILL BE AFTER ALTERATIONS WHICH WILL BEGIN WITH THE SUMMER RECESS.

On December 8, the Prime Minister stated in the House that it had been decided that the work of reconstruction of Nos. 10-12, Downing Street on the lines recommended by the Crawford Committee should be put in hand as soon as possible. Starting from the summer recess of 1960, the work was likely to take about two years, and its cost, together with the simultaneous reconstruction of Treasury buildings in Whitehall, would be about £1,250,000. The plans for the reconstruction have been drawn by the architect, Mr. Raymond Erith; and, as can be seen from the two elevations, the principal exterior alterations lie in the extension of No. 10 (right) and the building up of the stump of No. 12 (which was reduced to its present height after the fire of 1879).

Egyptians now insult us or dishonour themselves by their manner of doing so, but whether, through a failure to observe the same eternal laws, we ourselves are failing to maintain our own once strong faith and civilisation. For if we do, we too shall go the way of the Egyptians and other nations who once had strong faiths and civilisations and in the end allowed them to suffer eclipse and extinction through lack of courage in their defence.

It is important, I believe, at the present time to remember what that faith was. It was founded on a belief that Christianity, however imperfectly expounded or observed, was the highest expression of God's purpose known to man, that all men should be free to follow it if they could, that the State should try to base its laws and actions on Christian principles, that men should be free to trade and make what peaceful bargains between themselves as they chose, free from the fear of

IN TURKEY AND AFGHANISTAN: STAGES OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S TOUR.



LAYING A WREATH BEFORE THE TOMB OF KEMAL ATATURK, THE FOUNDER OF MODERN TURKEY: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER DURING HIS SHORT VISIT TO ANKARA ON DECEMBER 6.



THE PRESIDENT LAYING THE WREATH UNDER A BATTERY OF FLASHLIGHTS AND CAMERAS. HIS TOUR HAS BEEN FOLLOWED WITH THE GREATEST INTEREST BY THE WHOLE WORLD.



A MEETING WITH THE TURKISH LEADERS: (L. TO R.) THE TURKISH FOREIGN MINISTER, MR. ZORLU; PRESIDENT EISENHOWER; PRESIDENT BAYAR; THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. MENDERES, AND MR. MURPHY.



AN ENORMOUS PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT THAT COVERS NEARLY 72 SQUARE YARDS HANGING DOWN IN FRONT OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDING IN ANKARA.



DANCERS PERFORMING IN THE STREET TO WELCOME THE PRESIDENT AS HE DROVE WITH THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN THROUGH KABUL AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS FIVE-HOUR VISIT.

In these three pages of scenes from President Eisenhower's tour something of the enthusiasm that has so far greeted him on his arduous journey can be felt. In spite of the fatigue of constant talks and new surroundings he has responded with remarkable powers of adjustment to the quickly-changing people and



INSPECTING THE AFGHANISTANI GUARD OF HONOUR: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH KING ZAHIR SHAH JUST AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN KABUL FROM PAKISTAN ON DECEMBER 9.

situations in which he has found himself. Here we show two of his shorter visits—to Turkey, where he spent 16 hours, and to Afghanistan, where he spent 5. He arrived in Ankara from Rome on December 6 and he then went to Pakistan. He called at Afghanistan on his journey to New Delhi.

SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM IN PAKISTAN: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S VISIT.



HAVING COVERS PLACED ON HIS SHOES BEFORE LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF PAKISTAN'S FOUNDER, MOHAMMED ALI JINNAH: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN KARACHI.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER arrived in Karachi on December 7 from Turkey for his two-day visit to Pakistan. He was met at the airport by the President of Pakistan, General Ayub Khan. A drive into Karachi then took place, the first part of which was by car and the second by coach flanked with a magnificent bodyguard of lancers. He was greeted by highly enthusiastic crowds. During his stay, in between the talks he held with President Ayub, he laid a wreath on the tomb of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the founder of Pakistan, watched a cricket Test match and also saw a military gymkhana. On Dec. 9 he left for his short visit to Afghanistan.

(Right.) PART OF THE LARGE CROWDS ACKNOWLEDGING THE PRESIDENT'S GREETING AS HE DROVE TO THE PRESIDENTIAL GUEST HOUSE, WHERE HE STAYED DURING HIS TWO-DAY VISIT.



FLANKED BY A SPLENDID BODYGUARD: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH PRESIDENT AYUB KHAN OF PAKISTAN DRIVING FROM THE AIRPORT AFTER HIS ARRIVAL ON DECEMBER 7.



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND PRESIDENT AYUB KHAN WATCHING A DISPLAY OF HORSEMANSHIP THAT WAS GIVEN AT A MILITARY GYMKHANA IN KARACHI ON DECEMBER 8.



ADMIRING A SILVER REPLICA THAT WAS GIVEN HIM OF THE BADSHAHI MASJID, A 17TH-CENTURY IMPERIAL MOSQUE AT LAHORE: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT A CIVIC RALLY

THE CLIMAX OF HIS ASIAN TOUR: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN INDIA.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE TOMB OF MAHATMA GANDHI: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IN NEW DELHI ON DECEMBER 10. HIS VISIT TO INDIA LASTED FOR FOUR DAYS.



STATUES OF INDIAN PEASANT WOMEN STANDING AT THE GATE OF THE WORLD AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN NEW DELHI, TO WHICH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER PAID A VISIT.



GREETED BY DELIGHTED CROWDS IN NEW DELHI ON HIS ARRIVAL IN INDIA FROM AFGHANISTAN ON DECEMBER 9: THE HAPPY PRESIDENT WITH MR. NEHRU CLUTCHING HIS ARM.



THE PRESIDENT TALKING TO MR. NEHRU. HIS VISIT TO INDIA WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT OF HIS ASIAN TOUR. THEY DISCUSSED THE SITUATION BETWEEN INDIA AND CHINA.



INSPECTING A TABLE-PIECE OF CHARIOTS AND HORSES: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER WITH PRESIDENT RAJENDRA PRASAD (WEARING WHITE CAP), WHO GAVE IT TO HIM.



THE PRESIDENT GREETED AT THE AIRPORT BY PRESIDENT PRASAD OF INDIA. ALSO THERE TO WELCOME HIM WERE MR. NEHRU (LEFT) AND VICE-PRESIDENT SARVEPALLI RADHAKRISHNAN (CENTRE).

President Eisenhower arrived in New Delhi on December 9, having flown from Afghanistan. His four-day visit to India was the most important stage of his tour up to the Western Summit meeting arranged in Paris. He had talks with Mr. Nehru in which the serious situation between India and China over the border dispute was discussed. The crowds that came out both to greet him and to listen to what he had to say were larger and more enthusiastic than any so far on his tour. His speech to the Indian Parliament on December 10

was lavish in his praise of India's achievements, and throughout his stay he made references to Mahatma Gandhi and the cause of freedom. He laid a wreath on Gandhi's tomb. At the World Agricultural Fair he opened the American Pavilion. Mr. Nehru acted as his guide on a visit to Agra and the Taj Mahal. He left India on December 14 in the early morning for Teheran and Athens. His route was planned to take him from there to Tunis and then on to Paris, the goal of his journey of many thousands of miles.

THE attitude of the Soviet Government, and in particular that of Mr. Khrushchev, to the democracies is variously interpreted by them. A majority of opinion considers it far more promising than any revealed in the past. A considerable body, however, insists that there is no major change apart from a strengthened desire to avoid a nuclear war, as the consequences become clearer and that the aim is still to spread Communism over the world. It also holds that, even though this desire is sincere, dread of a nuclear war is being used to undermine resistance to Communism. It considers that those who look forward to peaceful coexistence will prove to be dupes. This view is strong in the United States.

In the first half of this month Hungary has provided a nucleus for discussion on the subject. It has done so for two reasons: the proceedings in the General Assembly of the United Nations, and, to a still greater extent, Mr. Khrushchev's remarks on his own state of mind and that of his colleagues at the time of the Hungarian crisis. Hungary has returned to the forefront of the news. Greece has been less prominent in the Press, but, as I shall try to show, Mr. Khrushchev has by a sentence or two aroused a storm of indignation in that country, which has suffered even more than Hungary at the hands of militant Communism. Moreover, brief as was the Soviet leader's reference to Greece, it may well have a sinister significance extending wider than the frontiers of this small country.

Mr. Khrushchev's commentary on Russian action in Hungary has been of absorbing interest. We knew already that the Soviet Government had hesitated about its action and we had reason to suppose that Marshal Zhukov played a big part in deciding it to take the extremely drastic steps which it finally adopted. Now we know a good deal more if we can credit the evidence of Mr. Khrushchev, and that is the easier to do because it is not subtle and may not appear creditable even in Communist eyes. The speaker actually seemed to reproach himself for having, prior to the revolt, encouraged Hungary in the hope that the country would be allowed to develop on its own lines and that the individuality proscribed by Stalin would no longer be wholly denied to it.

When the Hungarian revolt broke out in 1956 there occurred in Moscow not only the hesitation mentioned above but a definite split. Mr. Khrushchev would appear to have stood, if for a moment only, for mildness. Then he went over to the ruthless and savage policy of the extremists, among whom we may imagine that the luckless Mr. Molotov was one. Did he do so only because he saw that the revolt was graver than he had first imagined? If that were so, the change would remain a grim one, but natural enough. A more unpleasant and discreditable reason cannot, however, be discounted. Does it not look probable that he went over to barbarism to strengthen himself in his conflict with bitter foes among his

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV'S INCONSISTENCIES.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

colleagues, just as—but much less innocently than—a right-wing Socialist makes a bitter soap-box oration about once a year to retain his status?

Mr. Khrushchev's revelations during his visit to Hungary were immediately followed by a resolution of the General Assembly of the United Nations deploring the fact that both the Soviet Government and the Hungarian continued to disregard previous resolutions on the situation in Hungary and demanding that they should co-operate with the U.N. representative on Hungary. It is pretty certain that they will do nothing of the kind, but the resolution and the voting figures represent a rebuke to which they cannot be indifferent. The voting was 53 to 10, and the minority were all Communist States. The rebuke would have been overwhelming but for abstentions which in many

organisation of Greek Communists behind the Iron Curtain to overthrow the régime. The Foreign Minister, Mr. Averoff, said that there was no doubt that Mr. Khrushchev's words were premeditated and were intended to assure the foes of the present Greek Government that he supported and approved of their aims and their methods.

The Foreign Minister added that his own personal efforts to improve relations with Russia and her satellites would not prevent him from answering firmly such provocations as this, though he would continue those efforts.

No European country not now under the rule of Communism has been subjected to an effort comparable to that directed against Greece to drive it into the Communist fold. The campaign was prolonged and the cause of thousands of deaths, enormous destruction, cruel sufferings, deportations, and heavy financial loss. And, even if Mr. Khrushchev, attending Communist celebrations in Hungary, felt constrained to speak about the events of 1956 in that country, he had no need to drag in the Greek civil war. It is not surprising that he should have shocked Greece. Her indignant

reaction extended as far as the left-wing Democratic Union, though naturally not to the crypto-Communist EDA. Such a measure of unity is rare and significant.

I am, therefore, not making too much of Mr. Khrushchev's words. One may call them an aside, but if so none the less a prepared and calculated affront, and indeed a threat. They set us wondering what Mr. Khrushchev is at. They bring grist to the mill of those most sceptical of settlement of great problems, disarmament and the status of Berlin. They support suspicion that, while he may be anxious to avoid a nuclear war, he will not, or cannot, encourage any other form of accommodation between Communism and the rest of the world. This unhappy impression is given confirmation by the increasing activity of propaganda through schools established for

the indoctrination of agitators and underground workers. Many of these come from Asian and African countries, but there are plenty of Europeans among them, and they include Greeks.

From time to time we get warnings from the other side of how difficult the advent of Communism and its horrible internal strife has made the problem of finding a strong base for a more settled and less anxious world. We look upward to "the Summit," then find ourselves wondering whether it may not prove as bleak as that of Everest. It would be folly to slacken our efforts, but an element of pyrrhonism added to the necessary patience will prove valuable, at all events for the more intelligent minds. Pretty strong evidence does exist that Communism does not desire open war. None that will survive close examination has been brought forward by the more sentimental optimists who would have us believe that the leopard has changed its spots.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEWEST CRUISER, H.M.S. *TIGER*, ENTERING VALETTA GRAND HARBOUR DURING HER GENERAL SERVICE COMMISSION IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

With a long and distinguished tradition of *Tigers* behind her, dating back to 1546, the Royal Navy's latest cruiser, commissioned for service this year at Clydebank, and now on her general service commission in the Mediterranean, possesses all that is most modern in general equipment and armament. H.M.S. *Tiger*, the Mediterranean flagship of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Alexander N. C. Bingley, will be joined by her sister-ships, H.M.S. *Blake* and H.M.S. *Lion*, in early 1960. Although H.M.S. *Tiger* was laid down in 1941 and launched in 1945, work on her was not completed until 1959. This was due to the Admiralty's decision to suspend construction so that the results of the latest research might be incorporated. Originally designed to have nine 6-in. guns mounted in three turrets, H.M.S. *Tiger* is now fitted with four fully-automatic 6-in. guns mounted in twin turrets. These are of a greatly improved type and their rate of fire is more than twice that of any other present-day cruiser. The three cruisers, *Lion*, *Blake* and *Tiger*, are all equipped with the most up-to-date radar.

cases were unrelated to the subject at issue. Resolutions which are purely matters of conscience have not been common.

At the Congress of the Hungarian Communist Party Mr. Khrushchev made the statement which has angered Greece. It was to the effect that the Greek Communist revolt of 1944-45, renewed from 1946 to 1949, was an effort by the finest elements in the country to take over the government. A sharp protest had earlier come from the Greek Government about the issue of a propagandist stamp relating to Greece, but this time the protest was national. The Athens Press has rarely been so united. From right to left, with the exception of the crypto-Communist organ, it expressed its indignation.

The Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Kanellopoulos, told Parliament that since the end of the "bandit war" about 480 spies had entered Greece from Communist countries, after training in subversion. Another Minister, Mr. Tsatsos, spoke of the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



"A STATIC AIRCRAFT CARRIER OF CORRAL AND CONCRETE": GAN ISLAND IN THE REVERSE VIEW TO THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW.

GAN ISLAND, THE MALDIVES.

SHORTLY TO COME INTO USE: THE R.A.F.'S INDIAN OCEAN STEPPING-STONE.

Gan Island, in the Addu Atoll, which is the southernmost group of the Maldivian Islands, in the Indian Ocean to the west of Ceylon, will come into full and continuous use early in 1960 as Great Britain's main military stepping-stone in the Indian Ocean. It is an R.A.F. station and base built at a cost of about £4,500,000 to replace the Katunayake base in Ceylon. The total R.A.F. strength on the island at present is about 400 and there are some 65 men of the R.A.F. Regiment for ground defence. The political situation as regards the occupation of the base is at present somewhat confused. The base was built as the result of an agreement made in 1953 with the Maldivian Government; but this agreement has been the subject of a number of misunderstandings and misinterpretations. The situation was, moreover, complicated about a year ago when a number of Maldivian islands broke away from the central government and proclaimed their independence. Since then Huvadū Atoll and the isle of Faufu Mulaku have surrendered to the central government and only Addu Atoll (of which Gan Island is part) proclaims its independence with Mr. A. Afif Didi as its President; but Mr. Afif has not been recognised by Great Britain.



THE R.A.F.'S NEW £4,500,000 BASE ON GAN ISLAND, IN THE MALDIVES. (LEFT FOREGROUND) THE MEN'S QUARTERS AND THE TWO JETTIES.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



DORTMUND, WEST GERMANY. WHERE OVER THIRTY LOST THEIR LIVES AFTER AN EXPLOSION CAUSED BY A GAS LEAK: BRITISH TROOPS AND GERMAN FIREMEN CARRYING OUT RESCUE OPERATIONS.



WEST BERLIN, GERMANY. STOLEN FROM THE DAHLEM MUSEUM: A PAINTING OF THE HEAD OF CHRIST, BY REMBRANDT.

A painting, approximately 5 by 6 ins., was removed from the Dahlem Museum on December 12. Valued at £21,250, it may have been stolen by the same thief who took possession of an almost equally valuable picture by Lucas Cranach the Elder a week earlier. Four other Old Masters stolen near Hanover last autumn were recovered later in London.



KAMPALA, UGANDA. MR. IAIN MACLEOD, COLONIAL SECRETARY, CHATTING WITH THE MAYOR OF KAMPALA, MR. S. W. KALUBYA.

Mr. Macleod commenced his 13-day tour of British colonies in East Africa on December 11. He described his mission in Kenya as the "heart and centre" of his visit, and called for a grant to make possible expansion in Kenyan education.



DORTMUND, WEST GERMANY. THE SCENE OF DISASTER, AFTER TWO BLOCKS OF FLATS WERE REDUCED TO PILES OF DEBRIS BY AN EXPLOSION BEFORE DAWN.

At least thirty-four of the occupants of the flats, including children, were killed by the terrible explosion. Heading the rescue were troops of the 47th Guided Weapons Regiment, Royal Artillery, whose barracks were a short distance away.



JORDAN. AKABA, JORDAN'S ONLY OUTLET TO THE SEA—THE NEW DEEP-WATER PORT WHICH WAS OFFICIALLY OPENED BY CROWN PRINCE MOHAMMED ON DECEMBER 10.

This new deep-water port, which lies beside Israel's port at Eilat, is at the head of the Gulf of Akaba and its building has been financed by British development loans. In an emergency the new port is capable of supplying all Jordan's oil needs.



MALAYA. MR. R. G. MENZIES (LEFT), PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DEPUTY HEAD OF STATE OF MALAYA, DURING HIS VISIT TO KUALA LUMPUR.

On December 1 the Prime Minister of Australia, Mr. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies arrived in Jakarta for a seven-day official visit to Indonesia; and on December 7 arrived at Kuala Lumpur for a five-day official visit to Malaya. On December 8 he offered to withdraw Australian troops.

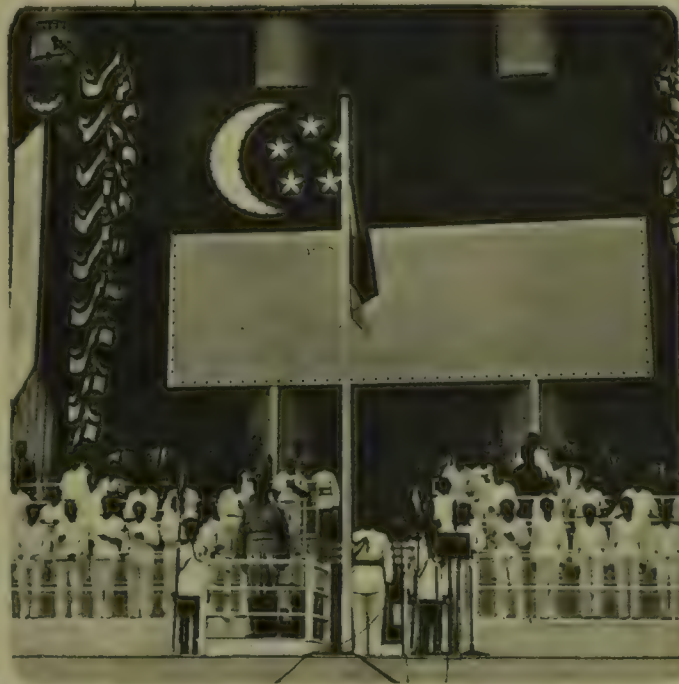


EPINAY, FRANCE. AWARDED THE LEGION OF HONOUR: THE FAMOUS FRENCH FILM STAR, M. JEAN GABIN, WITH Mlle. MICHELINE PRESLE, THE ACTRESS, AND M. FOURRE-CORMERY, DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL CINEMATOGRAPHIC CENTRE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



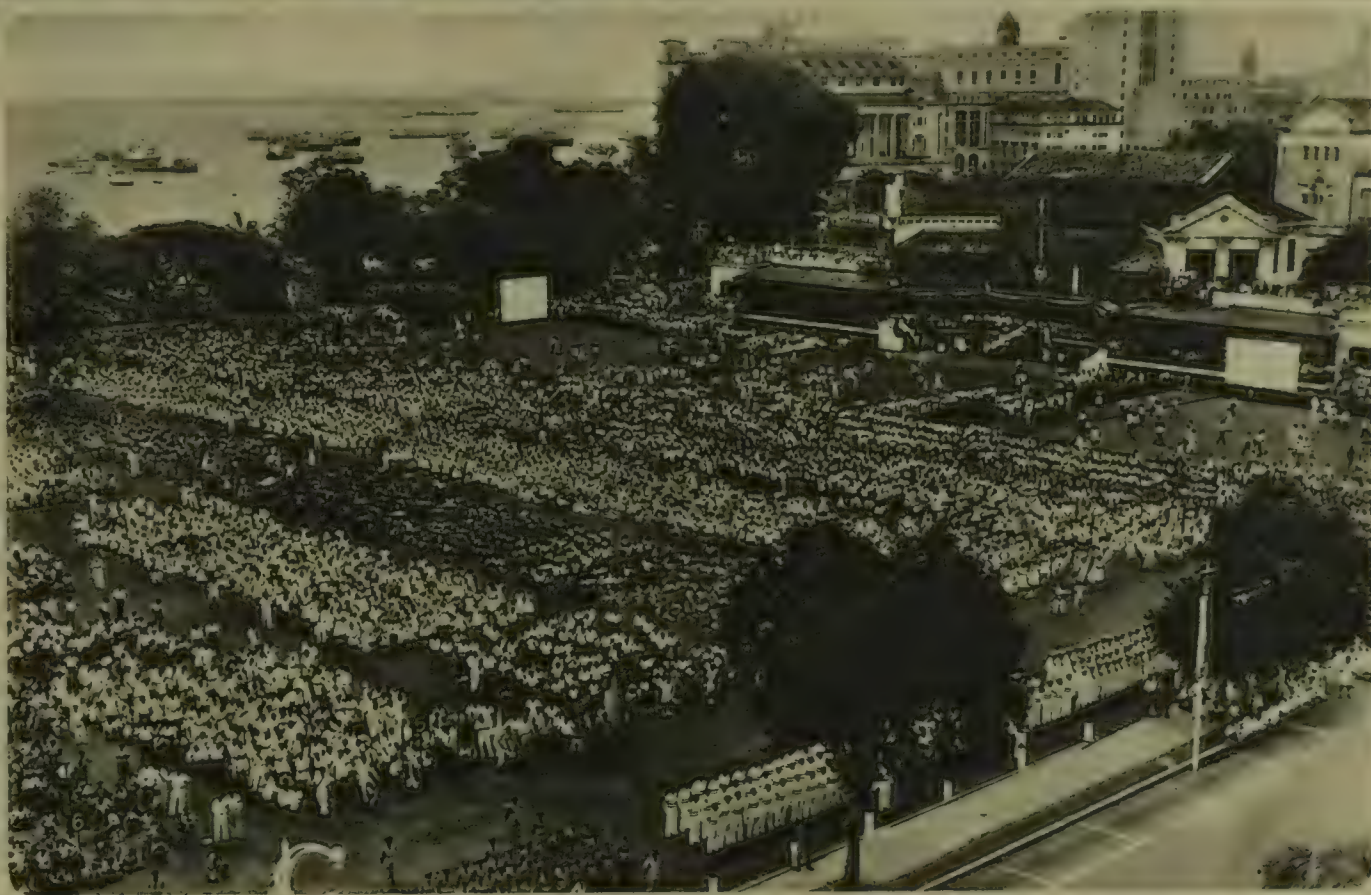
WEST GERMANY. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (SECOND FROM RIGHT) WITH THE SHOOTING PARTY OF HIS HOST, THE PRINCE ZU LOEWENSTEIN, AT SCHLOSS ZWINGENBERG, ON THE NECKAR. ON DECEMBER 9 THE DUKE SHOT FOUR OF THE DAY'S BAG OF TWENTY-ONE WILD BOAR.



SINGAPORE. THE UNVEILING OF THE NEW FLAG OF SINGAPORE BEFORE THE CITY HALL ON DECEMBER 3.

(Right.) SINGAPORE. SEEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE CITY HALL: PART OF THE GREAT RALLY OF SCHOOLCHILDREN, STUDENTS AND MILITARY UNITS, WHICH FOLLOWED THE INSTALLATION OF YUSOF BIN ISHAK AS HEAD OF STATE OR YANG DI-PERTUAN NEGARA.

On December 3 Inche Yusof bin Ishak was installed in the City Hall, Singapore, as Yang di-Pertuan Negara of the State of Singapore in succession to Sir William Goode, K.C.M.G. The flag of Singapore was then unveiled for the first time and Yusof bin Ishak, as Head of the State, and Lee Kuan Yew, the Premier, then addressed a crowd estimated to number 90,000 and took the salute of a march-past of schoolchildren, students, youth organisations, police and military units. Yusof bin Ishak is forty-nine, has been a journalist and was until recently President of the Press Club of Malaya.



BERMUDA. THE COLONY'S NEW GOVERNOR, MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JULIAN ALVERY GASCOIGNE (CENTRE, IN WHITE UNIFORM), TAKES THE OATHS OF OFFICE ADMINISTERED BY THE CHIEF JUSTICE, SIR NEWNHAM WORLEY (RIGHT). Bermuda's Governor for the next three years, Major-General Sir Julian Alvery Gascoigne, arrived at the colony on November 30 and immediately took the oaths of office. Bermuda is, of course, the oldest self-governing colony of the Commonwealth and has just concluded its 350th anniversary celebrations.



BERMUDA. THE CHIEF JUSTICE LAYS A WREATH AT THE MEMORIAL TO ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE SOMERS—THE FINAL CEREMONY OF BERMUDA'S 350TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



ROME. ON THE FEAST DAY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION: A FIREMAN PLACING FLOWERS ON A STATUE. One of the ways in which the people of Rome paid homage to the Madonna on the annual Feast Day of the Immaculate Conception, on December 8, was the placing of flowers on a very tall statue of the Madonna in the Piazza di Spagna. The Feast was celebrated by Catholics throughout the world.



ROME, ITALY. A CLOSER PICTURE OF THE FIREMAN BEDECKING A STATUE OF THE MADONNA.



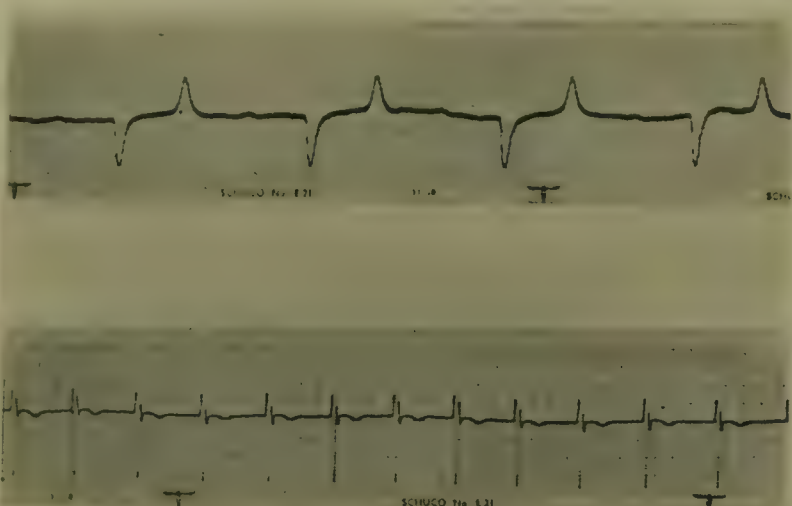
MADRID, SPAIN. NOW ON DISPLAY FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: A VERY FINE "PIEDAD," A MOST VALUABLE PIECE OF PORCELAIN, MADE IN THE BUEN RETIRO ROYAL PORCELAIN FACTORY, WHICH WAS FOUNDED BY CARLOS III IN 1760.



MUSEE DU LOUVRE, PARIS. TOO LARGE TO BE EXHIBITED: TWO ENORMOUS PAINTINGS, OR NEORAMAS, OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND ST. PETER'S, ROME, ROLLED UP IN A CORRIDOR. These vast canvases, by the 19th-century painter J.-P. Alaux, were mentioned by M. André Malraux in a debate in the Assembly. He suggested they be spread out in the Louvre courtyard and then photographed from the air. Each is estimated at about 1076 square yards.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. SO THAT "TRIGGER HAPPY" DEER HUNTERS WILL MAKE NO MISTAKE AND HIT A COW: A FARMER PAINTING SOME OF HIS HEIFERS WITH LARGE LETTERS AS A CLEAR WARNING TO HUNTERS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, SO THAT THEY WILL "STOP, LOOK AND READ" BEFORE FIRING.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. THE HEART-BEAT OF A 44-FT. FINBACK WHALE (ABOVE) AND OF A HUMAN BEING (BELOW) COMPARED ON TWO CARDIOGRAM READINGS. When a 44-ft. Finback whale repeatedly returned to the beach at Provincetown, Massachusetts, recently, a team of researchers decided to take advantage of the occasion and record its heart-beat by means of an electrocardiogram. Recordings showed a beat of 25 per minute, as compared to the human rate of 75. This was the first recording of its kind. The whale's heart weighed about 500 lb.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. DR. ALFRED SENFT REMOVING THE CARDIOGRAPH MACHINE AFTER RECORDING THE HEART-BEAT OF THE HUGE BEACHED FINBACK WHALE.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—V.



PART OF AN ANTI-EPIDEMIC CAMPAIGN IN FLOOD-STRICKEN FREJUS: A SPECIALLY-EQUIPPED JEEP SQUIRTING CLOUDS OF ANTISEPTIC LIQUID IN A RAILWAY YARD. INHABITANTS HAVE ALSO BEEN RECEIVING ANTI-TYPHUS INJECTIONS.

FREJUS, FRANCE.

It is now two weeks since the Malpasset Dam burst its walls and sent millions of tons of water rushing down the Reyran Valley to the sea, taking with it a section of the Riviera town of Fréjus. About 400 people are now known to have lost their lives in the disaster, and these photographs give some idea of the monumental task of clearing the valley of mud and rubble which now faces the survivors. Destruction to property has been immense: peach-trees—for which the Reyran Valley was famous throughout France—and vines have been swept away; a section of the *Route Nationale 7*, known to thousands of holidaymakers as the highway to the Riviera, now lies lost under a sea of mud, and from most of the valley the topsoil has been skimmed off by the torrent of floodwater.

(Right.)
ROUTE NATIONALE 7—THE HIGHWAY TO THE SUN! A NEW VIEW OF ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS ROADS IN FRANCE, AFTER PART OF IT NEAR FREJUS HAD BEEN SWEEPED AWAY OR COVERED FEET DEEP IN MUD.



AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF THE UNDAMAGED RUINS OF THE CELEBRATED ROMAN ARENA, A TEAM OF FRENCH WORKMEN SCOOP AWAY THE MUD CAUSED BY THE RUSHING FLOODWATER.



REPLACING THE BRIDGE TORN AWAY BY FLOODWATER FROM THE BURST MALPASSET DAM: ARMY ENGINEERS ERECTING A TEMPORARY BRIDGE IN THE STRICKEN REYRAN VALLEY.



A GIFT FROM LISTENERS TO RADIO-LUXEMBOURG: A CHEQUE FOR 400,000,000 FRANCS (ABOUT £300,000) FROM A RADIO DIRECTOR TO THE MAYOR OF FREJUS (RIGHT).

HOW SCIENTISTS UNDERSTAND THE UNIVERSE.

VIII. THE EARTH'S RADIATION BELTS.

By H. BONDI, F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, London.

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ONE of the most beautiful natural spectacles on the earth is the Aurora. In certain regions of the earth almost every night there is a marvellous show of tremendous waving luminous bands high in the atmosphere, sometimes red, sometimes blue; a spectacle of grandeur and beauty. It is seldom seen in England and is observed at its best in Canada and Alaska. On occasions, however, the Aurora is visible from far wider regions. There have been occasions in England when the northern sky has appeared to be of luminous red colour. So unexpected and powerful has this been that on such nights false calls to the fire brigade are no rarity, for people really believe that this glow must be due to a fire in the vicinity. There have been occasions when the Aurora has been seen even as far south as the Mediterranean.

What is the Aurora, and why does it occur in the main just in these very special regions? It is best to look first at the geographical distribution. This is seen to be associated with the earth's magnetism. As we all know, the earth acts as a magnet, a very useful property indeed, for it enables the mariner to find north by the use of a simple magnetic compass, as was first discovered by the Chinese long ago. However, unfortunately, the direction indicated by the magnetic needle does not point exactly to the North Pole. Not only are there local deviations that may, for example, be due to large deposits of iron, but the magnetic pole of the earth, as it is called, is not where the geographic North Pole is. The magnetic pole of the earth is in the far north of Canada on Baffin Island. If now one looks where the Aurora is seen most often, then it turns out that this is in a belt of places all around 1500 miles from the magnetic North Pole. As this Pole is in Canada, the belt, where the Aurora is seen most frequently, dips furthest south in that country; whereas, elsewhere the Auroral Zone, as it is called, passes through places that are only sparsely inhabited, or uninhabited, in Canada and Alaska and, to some extent, in Iceland, the Auroral Zone passes through populated countries. There is also a Southern Auroral Zone which similarly forms a belt round the Southern Magnetic Pole which itself lies in Antarctica. However, this Zone does not cross any populous countries, nor any routes where ships or aircraft commonly pass. Thus the Southern Aurora has not been seen by so many people as the Northern one, although it, too, has been studied closely by scientists. It is then clear that the Aurora must have some connection with the earth's magnetism. The Aurora is so high up that the atmosphere there is exceedingly thin, but something makes it glow, and this something was soon suspected to be fast-moving particles that come from outside the earth. Evidently, the motion of these particles is affected by the earth's magnetic field. Therefore, the particles are electrically charged. A great deal of work has been done by many scientists trying to find out more about these mysterious particles that came in from outer space, and provide this beautiful illumination high up in the atmosphere. Before long, people could connect it with disturbances in the earth's magnetic field that were also suspected to be due to particles coming in from far away. These same particles also influence the propagation of radio waves, and so the reception of radio messages. Next, it turned out that all these phenomena were connected with sun spots, this well-known rash that appears on the surface of the sun and fades again and appears again in eleven-year cycles. Though much thought was given to these interesting phenomena, entirely new light was thrown on the whole subject in the last few years by observations made by instruments in high-flying rockets and artificial satellites. For, by these means, instruments were taken far higher than the region where the Aurora occurs. The early Russian satellites, although they carried massive instruments, did not go quite high enough to observe these astonishing phenomena in much detail; but particularly the American lunar probes that went far into outer space and then returned again through the upper atmosphere of the earth, gave much information. It turned out that about 10,000 miles above the surface of the earth there was an enormous amount of trapped radiation; far more charged particles crowded these regions

compared with anything that was expected. These zones are enormous in extent. The bigger one is at its highest (10,000 miles up) above the earth's equator and dips down a little lower towards the magnetic poles of the earth. There, the extreme edge of this belt of particles dips low enough down to touch the outer atmosphere of the earth, and there the flow of particles makes the atmosphere glow, thus producing the Aurora.

The second, smaller zone of radiation is confined to the equatorial regions of the earth and is around 2000 miles above the surface. We may picture these belts of radiation as cages for charged particles. The bars of the cage are provided by the magnetic field of the earth. This forms something like a trap; a cloud of charged particles, one of those that gives rise to interruption of radio communications and to disturbances of the compass, goes into this cage but finds it very hard to leave it. Up there the particles are constrained to follow the lines of the magnetic field; they rush first north, then south, in a curious corkscrew



LIKE A CURTAIN OF LIGHT SUSPENDED FROM THE SKY: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF AN AURORA, SHOWING CLEARLY THE RAY STRUCTURE.

There is a close connection between the frequency of Sun Spots and the occurrence of Polar Lights, which are caused by streams of charged particles emitted into space by the sun. On nearing the earth they are affected by the earth's magnetic field and reach the upper atmosphere in the polar zones, where they cause the phenomenon known as Aurora Borealis (in the north) and Aurora Australis (in the south).

motion, going forward and backward, and backward and forward; they just continue to exist up there, for there is nothing that interferes with them. Only a very small proportion of all these particles go far enough down to collide with the molecules of the earth's outermost atmosphere and thus end their career in the radiation belts. The result of these collisions is the glow of the Aurora. What we can see then in the Aurora is only a tiny part of the radiation that is there. It is rather like an iceberg, nine-tenths of whose mass lies under the surface of the sea. Far more than nine-tenths of the radiation lies well above the atmosphere and so does not become visible as the auroral glow. Probably most of these particles originate in the sun in special outbursts that are connected with sun spots.

No doubt these radiation belts are inconvenient for the space traveller. If one really wants to get right away from the earth to the moon or beyond, one has to pass through this belt of radiation. Unless one is very well shielded the radiation would be an extreme hazard to health. Shielding means weight, and weight is a very expensive item for the space traveller. Weight limitations are going to be much more severe, I am sure, than in air travel. Though these radiation belts may be an obstacle to our ambitions in the space travel field, they are of great and encouraging interest in quite another and probably

more useful human endeavour, the attempt to construct power stations working on the fusion principle. This is the fusion of hydrogen to make helium which, it will be remembered, is the source of the energy for the sun and most of the stars. In order to achieve the enormous production of power that could result from the use of very ordinary materials in this way, it is necessary to have very high temperatures, of the same order as in the centres of the stars. Thus, the question arises, not only how to create such enormous temperatures, but how to contain them. At these temperatures naturally every material is a gas, and so a bottle is required to hold gas of exceedingly high temperatures such as can presumably be obtained by passing a sufficiently powerful electric current through the gas. No material could possibly stand up to these temperatures; but the proposal is to use a magnetic field to contain the gas, just as in the radiation belts round the earth the particles there are bottled up by a magnetic field. A magnetic bottle would seem to be the only solution to this problem, but whether it is a possible solution or not nobody at present knows. A tremendous amount of work is going on to solve this question for, in this direction, lies the cheapest, as well as the safest, source of power that one can imagine. A fusion power generating station would have two great advantages over the fission type atomic power station such as the existing one at Calder Hall and the many now being built throughout Britain. First, the raw material is very much cheaper; instead of uranium one would use hydrogen which, after all, in the form of water, is an exceedingly common commodity. Probably, the heavy variant of hydrogen would be required, but even this is in much more abundant supply than uranium. More important still, the core of a fission type power station is bound to produce highly radioactive ash which it will be increasingly difficult and expensive to dispose of. In a fusion type power station, if this could in fact be built, there would be no radioactive ash. The very simple materials that go into it all lead to perfectly stable end products having no radioactivity. However, the provision of a suitable magnetic bottle seems to be extremely difficult; in spite of the tremendous efforts put into Zeta and similar machines in other countries, no solution to the problem has yet emerged. One is reminded in this connection of one of the problems the mediaeval alchemists faced. One of their objects, in addition to making gold, was to find a universal solvent—a fluid that would dissolve every material that came into contact with it. But before they could get anywhere with making this fluid, they faced the absurd problem of how, if they ever made it, they could contain it. What bottle could hold a fluid that would dissolve everything? This is the problem the research workers in the fusion field face, and the only conceivable solution, the magnetic bottle, has not yet been demonstrated to be possible except perhaps in the radiation belts of the earth just described.

The earth is by no means the only magnetic body in space. The sun, too, has a general magnetic field of about the same strength as the earth, but in addition there are also highly localised but very much stronger magnetic fields associated with the sun spots. It is a little surprising that a body so very much larger than the earth, as the sun is, should have a magnetic field no stronger than that of the earth. However, some stars are observed to have very strong magnetic fields, thousands of times stronger than that of the earth. More puzzling still, the direction of the magnetic field of some of these stars seems to change every few hours. How such an enormous magnet can be switched round in such a short period is something which completely baffles so far all our attempts to find an explanation.

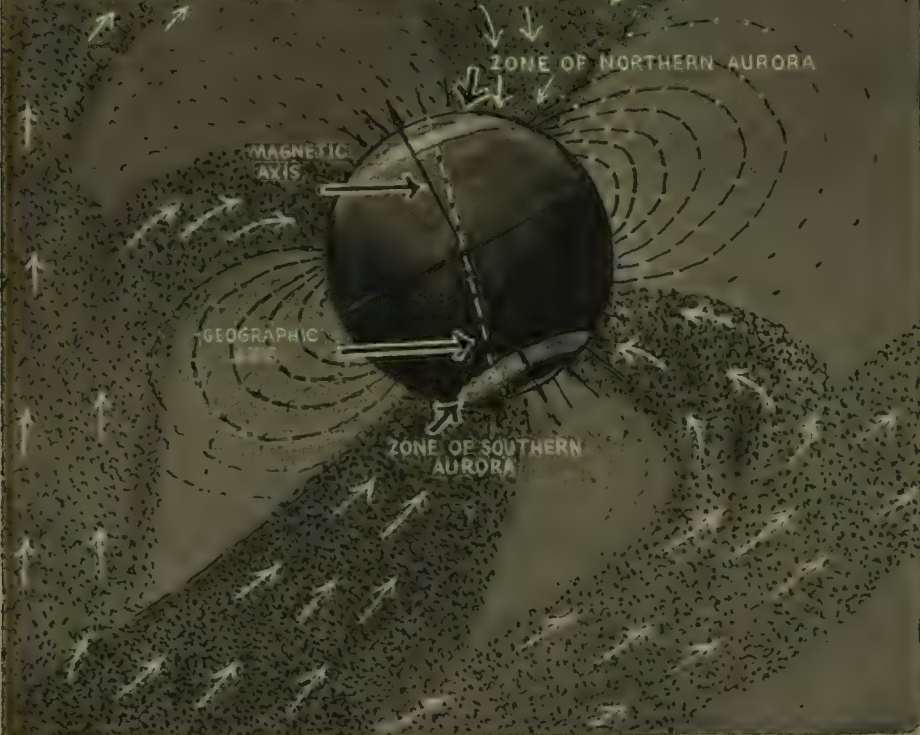
Before the coming of the electric motor, less than a century ago, the only use of magnetism on the earth was as the mariners' compass and for the purpose of toys. Now, of course, we produce magnetic fields in all sorts of machinery, notably all electric generators and motors. However, natural magnetic fields on the earth are rather weak and do not seem to be of great importance. Apparently in space the reverse is true. It seems more and more as though, once we go away from the earth, magnetism increases enormously in importance. In our vicinity this is shown by the radiation belts here described. Further away magnetic stars and especially the interstellar magnetic fields described in the previous article are a dominant force. We will not be able to understand the construction of the galaxies fully until we have mastered the understanding of the magnetic fields in outer space.

A BEAUTIFUL PHENOMENON THAT IS FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS THE AURORA. IT IS A FEATURE OF THE SKY IN REGIONS FAIRLY CLOSE TO THE POLES BUT IS RARELY SEEN ELSEWHERE.

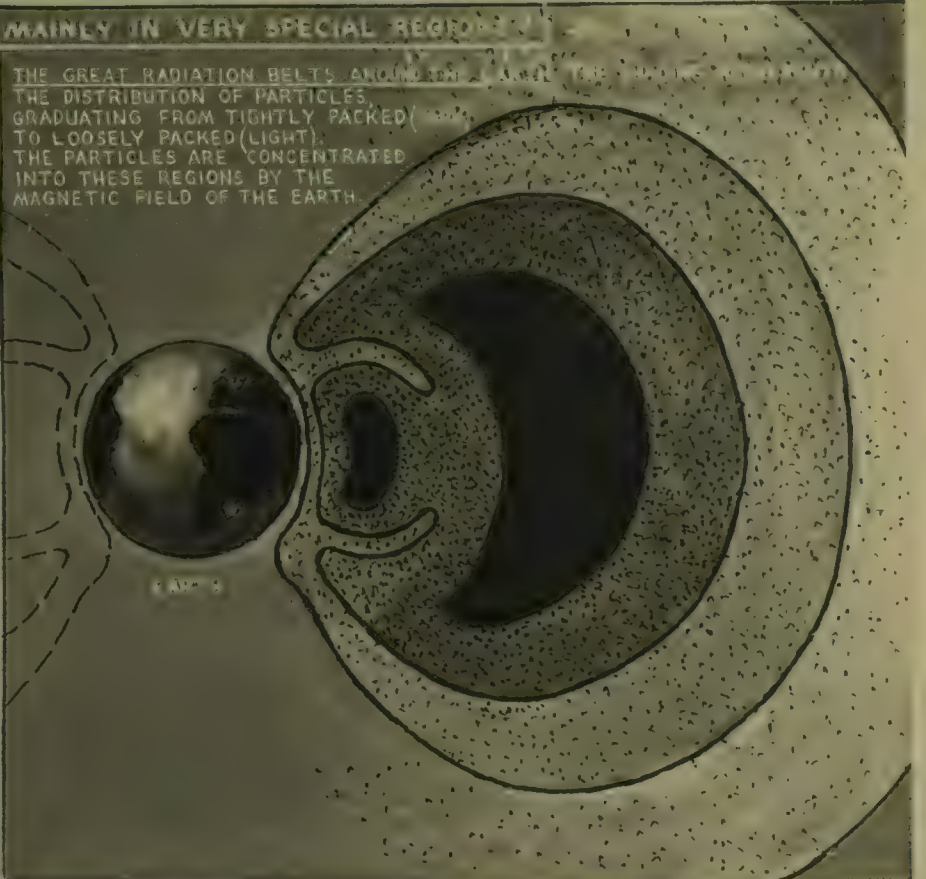
THE AURORA BOREALIS OR NORTHERN LIGHTS AS SEEN FROM NORTH NORWAY.

WHAT IS THE AURORA AND WHY DOES IT OCCUR MAINLY IN VERY SPECIAL REGIONS?

A SUGGESTED ORIGIN OF THE AURORA IS THAT CHARGED PARTICLES FROM THE SUN ARE DEFLECTED BY THE EARTH'S LINES OF MAGNETIC FORCE (WHITE ARROWS). THEY ENTER THE ZONES OF POLAR LIGHTS AND MAKE THE MOLECULES IN THE ATMOSPHERE EMIT LIGHT.



THE GREAT RADIATION BELTS AROUND THE EARTH ARE THE RESULT OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF PARTICLES GRADUATING FROM TIGHTLY PACKED (DARK) TO LOOSELY PACKED (LIGHT). THE PARTICLES ARE CONCENTRATED INTO THESE REGIONS BY THE MAGNETIC FIELD OF THE EARTH.



ALONG THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE, TRAPPED PARTICLES CIRCLE CONTINUOUSLY. ONE SUCH LINE OF FORCE IN THE CENTRE OF A SPIRAL OF TRAPPED PARTICLES IS ILLUSTRATED HERE. THERE ARE COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF THESE.



THE AMERICAN LUNAR PROBES THAT WENT FAR OUT INTO SPACE AND RETURNED THROUGH THE EARTH'S OUTER ATMOSPHERE BROUGHT RECORDS THAT CONFIRMED THAT THERE WAS A GREAT BELT OF TRAPPED RADIATION SOME 10,000 MILES UP.



ONE OF NATURE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING PHENOMENA: THE AURORA, CAUSED BY STREAMS OF ELECTRICALLY-CHARGED PARTICLES IN THE EARTH'S UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

The Aurora is caused by charged particles from the sun whose motion is affected by the earth's magnetic field of force. It is perhaps the most strikingly beautiful of all natural phenomena. The characteristic luminous glow occurs when these particles enter the zones of northern or southern polar lights, colliding with the molecules of the atmosphere and thus making them emit

light. The entire phenomenon is associated with outbursts on the sun's surface. The vast majority of the particles caught in the earth's magnetic field remain high above the atmosphere in the radiation belts of the earth, whose existence has been proved by artificial satellites, but the comparatively few particles that get sufficiently low cause the Aurora.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Professor Bondi.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN the matter of nerines I am very much a beginner, but an enthusiastic one. I can hardly be said to have been properly aware of their existence until a few years

ago, when I happened to be the sympathetic observer of a struggle, over nerines, between the head gardener of a great house and his employer, one of the most distinguished living gardeners. This head gardener fell a victim to a consuming passion for nerines—possibly he had been smiled on by a water nymph, for that is what the name signifies, albeit the genus has no liking for water—and as the usual want of labour had driven his employer to restrict greenhouse accommodation to the minimum, there really was not room for his nerines and for his employer's favourite plants. The latter were apt to be huddled into corners or even stood outside in the cold, to make room for more nerines. And beautiful though the genus is, the proprietor of the garden and greenhouses felt a good deal aggrieved by this consequence of the gardener's passion.

One of the large number of things I did not then know about nerines is that a species of this genus is fairly hardy and can readily be grown out of doors; had I known this no doubt I should have started growing them sooner. But since a great many gardeners seem as ignorant as myself about these flowers, I had better say something about the genus in general.

Nerines belong to *Amaryllidaceæ*, that is, they are related to amaryllis and hippeastrums, but not to the lovely agapanthus, which is liliaceous. They are natives of South Africa, from which we have so many magnificent species; they are, of course, bulbous, and so increase by offsets, doing this, at least in the case of *N. bowdenii*, so generously, that a few bulbs soon increase to a great quantity. The flowers, numerous in good varieties, are carried in a gracefully open head on a slender scape, and the colours include a wide range of pinks and reds, to a vivid scarlet; also white. Most nerines set seed here, the seeds being fleshy and substantial, and germinating quite readily if left, hardly covered at all, on the surface of the compost. It is, of course, from seeds that good new forms are obtained, so that it is well worth while propagating from seed as well as offset bulbs.

For most gardeners the only interesting species of the genus will be *N. bowdenii*, since that is the one which can be grown out of doors, at least in the milder counties, although one friend of mine who grows them in large quantities for market says that "mildness" does not seem to matter, and that the species is hardier than it is generally supposed to be. It is from him that I have a good deal of my information. He bought a whole bed of *N. bowdenii* at a sale of nursery stock necessitated by a liquidation, and has been very successful with these plants, being especially struck by the great rate of increase.

However, since there is some question about the absolute hardness of these nerines, it is best to choose for them a warm site in the garden. I have a dwarf wall recently planted to the grape-vine "Pinot Meunier," the "Dusty Miller" of old English gardens. At the foot of this wall I have set the bulbs of nerines, where they are very hot in summer, which is fine, provided they are given some water. But as the soil under this wall is rather "clouty," as we say in East Kent, I dug the holes for

NERINES AND AGAPANTHUS.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

the bulbs much deeper than necessary and much larger, and put in a bottom of potsherds and gravel to make sure of clean drainage. Moreover, since we seem to have a particularly ravenous and omnivorous race of soil fauna, the holes were refilled, when planting (as for lily bulbs), with a compost made from the soil taken out mixed with a great deal of very sharp grit, as at least some protection against mice and the larger slugs. I do not know that either of these creatures eats nerine bulbs; but my experience is that they will eat pretty well anything excepting the poisonous baits especially prepared for them!

For some reason the time to break up a clump of nerine bulbs which has increased to the point where replanting is desirable is neither in the winter, after flowering is over, nor in spring before growth starts, but in July or even August,

recommended, they seem to be happy enough in John Innes potting compost. However, like agapanthus, the richer you feed them the less they flower, so use only quite small pots, plant with the neck of the bulb just showing, and stand them on the cool-house staging—never in a hot-house—in the sun. Do not water them until the flower spike appears, which is before there are any leaves. Then water well and keep the soil thoroughly moist throughout the season of flowering and until the leaves begin to look dashed and turn yellow. Then reduce and finally stop watering altogether, put the pots out of the way on the greenhouse floor and leave them dry until growth begins again in the following August. Restrain the generous inclination to repot; it will, of course, have to be done eventually, but the later the better, and these plants will do better crammed into an apparently overcrowded pot, than if given ample room and nourishment.

In this respect they resemble agapanthus, which, however, are not bulbous but have a mass of thick, fleshy roots. If those roots are given ample room and the plants often repotted in fresh compost, they fail, in my experience, to flower; whereas, crowded into a too small pot, and by ordinary standards thoroughly pot-bound, they flower quite readily.

This, of course, refers only to agapanthus in pots, that is the tender varieties with rather broader straplike leaves. There are several species and probably some hybrids; all are beautiful, the great blue umbels of flowers held on tall, graceful stems rising out of the clumps of leaves like giant bluebell leaves.

Like some nerines, some agapanthus are hardy. Moreover, one very beautiful species, *A. orientalis*, is said to be so fond of water that it does not mind bad drainage and will do well on the margins of lakes or ponds, or beside streams. I have not so grown it, but it must be admirable in such situations. Colours available within this species are from pure white through china-blue, light blue, dark blue to a sort of rich hyacinthine blue.

A difficulty with this genus is that its taxonomy is in a muddle: until not very long ago only one species seems to have been recognised, *A. africanus*; now about ten are distinguished. Nurserymen have not, on the whole, caught up with the South African botanists, and it is difficult to be sure that the plants you are buying are hardy enough to be grown out of doors. But almost certainly the practice of planting agapanthus in tubs and bringing them under cover in winter is not necessary; some are tender and they can be treated very much like nerines as to climate and water, although they need larger pots, of course. Others are hardy and having been planted out of doors, can be left there.

Incidentally, not only are most, and perhaps all, species of agapanthus evergreen, but in several one of the attractions is the variegated leaves: *A. orientalis variegatus* (still in some lists as *A. umbellatus variegatus*) has white leaves striped green; *aureovittatus*, which I saw for the first time this autumn, has striped yellow leaves. And a lot of varieties seem still to be simply unobtainable here, notably *monstrosus*, whose colossal umbels have several hundred flowers each.



NERINES IN FULL FLOWER AT THE FOOT OF A WALL AND AMONG THE ROOTS OF A WALL-SHRUB. THIS IS *NERINE BOWDENII* AND PROBABLY FENWICK'S VARIETY.
Photograph by J. E. Downward.

although, out of doors, they flower in late September and October.

N. bowdenii have pale pink flowers with a line of darker pink on each segment. And since they flower at a time when there is not a great deal of flower in the garden, they are very valuable for cutting.

For the richer colours it is necessary to have recourse to the tender species; but they are not particularly difficult to grow. You buy the bulbs in August, and although various composts are

A SOLUTION TO EVERY GIFT PROBLEM.

THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department. For readers outside the United Kingdom we suggest the simplest method is to buy an International Money Order (obtainable at post offices throughout the world) and send this with your requirements to our Subscription Department.

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THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XLVI. PRIOR PARK COLLEGE.



PRIOR PARK COLLEGE. WITH ITS VERY FINE CORINTHIAN PORTICO AND TERRACE BUILT FROM THE FAMOUS LOCAL STONE : THE IMPRESSIVE FACADE OF THE CENTRAL BLOCK OR MANSION.

The original buildings of Prior Park were constructed for Ralph Allen (1693-1764) to the designs of John Wood the elder. Allen, a prominent figure in Bath society, had prospered as a result of the purchase of postal contracts between 1720 and 1730 and in 1727 had also acquired stone quarries on Combe Down, the ridge to the south-east of the city. It was from these quarries that the materials for the great house were obtained between 1736 and 1742, and it was the first time that any extensive building

had been successfully undertaken in this stone. The site chosen was at the head of the Vale of Widcombe and the design provided for a central block or mansion with pavilions to the east and west, each connected to the mansion by fine arcades. The central mansion had a fine portico and terrace, facing northwards towards the city, and was intended to provide the main living quarters. The pavilions, single-storey buildings, each with a central clock tower, served as stables, servants' [Continued overleaf.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

PRIOR PARK, NOW A ROMAN CATHOLIC PUBLIC SCHOOL: A VIEW OF THE FINE CENTRAL BLOCK.



Continued. rooms, offices and for games and entertainments. In 1755, at the suggestion of William Pitt, later Earl of Chatham, the Palladian Bridge was built across the lake at the foot of the valley. The house and its setting were both much admired. Philip Thicknesse called Prior Park, "A noble building which sees all Bath and was probably built for all Bath to see." The buildings and estate passed out of the hands of the Allen family in the early 19th century and since 1830 have been chiefly a public school. In 1830 Prior Park was opened as a school by the Right Reverend Peter Augustine Baines, O.S.B.,

the Roman Catholic Vicar Apostolic of the Western District. Bishop Baines planned to make it a centre of Catholic intellectual life in England and to enable his co-religionists to obtain there the university education from which they were still debarred at Oxford and Cambridge. He envisaged an enormous expansion of the accommodation and part of this was carried out. The mansion became the episcopal residence and an imposing flight of steps was built between the terrace and the drive below. The eastern pavilion became St. Peter's College and a second storey was added with some classrooms on the

ground floor. The western pavilion was renamed St. Paul's College; it was to house the older students and besides the building on of a second storey the plans were drawn up for a chapel. A fire, which broke out just under the mansion roof in 1836, was a serious setback to his plans. Most of the upper floor was gutted and so were the main staircase and the interior of the western half of the building. The doors, fireplaces and staircases which are at present in the mansion were purchased from Houndstreet House, Farmborough, then being demolished. The Bishop's ambitions, however, outran both his resources

and his prudence and after his death in 1842 it was found impossible to carry on and the property and effects were sold in 1856. In 1867 Prior Park was bought back for the Diocese of Clifton and again opened as a school under the patronage of the Bishop, the Right Reverend and Honourable William Hugh Clifford. Himself a former student of the school in the days of Bishop Baines, he gave it great help from his private resources, maintaining there some of the clerical students, for it was used also as a seminary for the training of priests. In 1882 the chapel, *(Continued overleaf.)*

PRIOR PARK COLLEGE: VIEWS OF THE BEAUTIFUL 18TH-CENTURY BUILDINGS.



THE SOUTH SIDE, SHOWING THE BACK OF THE ARCADE CONNECTING THE MANSION WITH THE CHAPEL AND ST. PAUL'S. THE FAR BLOCK IS NAMED AFTER ST. PETER.



A VIEW FROM THE GREAT CORINTHIAN COLUMNS LOOKING DOWN ON TO BATH. THE COLLEGE HAS ENJOYED THESE LOVELY SURROUNDINGS SINCE IT WAS OPENED IN 1830.



EAST END OF THE CHAPEL AND ST. PAUL'S ARCADE. WORKMEN ARE TURNING THE ARCADE, BUILT BY RALPH ALLEN, INTO NEW COMMON-ROOMS.

Continued.] which had been begun in 1843 and left roofless the following year, was finally completed. Eventually the buildings and part of the estate were purchased in 1924 by the Christian Brothers, who had held a lease from 1895 to 1902. Since 1924 the prospect of Prior Park from Bath has changed very little, though there is nearly always some building and repair work in progress somewhere—a fact realised by the department of Ancient Monuments which recently sanctioned a grant from public funds to assist

in the restoration of the fabric. There have been many changes on the south side, however. A new teaching block was completed in 1939, only to be immediately occupied by an evacuated Ministry and then damaged by bombs. The explosion also wrecked most of the interior of St. Paul's, which has been reconstructed to a large extent. The most recent addition is the new block of laboratory buildings, on the hill behind St. Paul's, which was opened by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster in July of this year.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

GREAT OR LITTLE AUK?

"AUCHINLECK: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY." By JOHN CONNELL.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

FREDERICK THE GREAT is credibly reported to have asked whenever a general's name was put before him for appointment to high command in time of war, "*Est-il heureux?*" It was, indeed, a most important question, for however experienced and knowledgeable a commander may be, unless he has a fair modicum of luck he will not be able to take full advantage of his soldier-like abilities, and he will lose the confidence of his political superiors. There have been many examples of this in modern British history, and of these the case of Buller in the South African War, and of Ian Hamilton in the First World War, are outstanding: both men enjoyed a deservedly high prestige as soldiers, but they were neither of them *heureux*, with the result that their reputations came under a cloud which has never been wholly dispersed.

Mr. Connell's admirable study leads one to the conclusion that Auchinleck was of this class. Throughout his career he proved himself, both in public and in private, to be a professional soldier of very considerable ability, but there can be no disguising the fact that he never enjoyed his normal share of luck, and it was his misfortune that Winston Churchill held the same views as the King of Prussia in this respect. Nobody could have achieved more than Auchinleck did in Norway—incidentally, the author's account of that campaign is one of the best things in the book—but the operations, though for no fault of his own, were a failure: he saved Egypt from Rommel, but he did not appear to have done so, and in war it is not enough to have won a victory, one must also appear to have done so, especially when one's chief is Winston Churchill.

The author is clearly aware of this, for he admits that "the factor of luck . . . cannot be ignored," but he does stress even more what he calls Auchinleck's "isolation" as a greater liability, particularly during the latter part of his career:

If professionally he came as a comparative stranger to command a higher British formation in time of war, he was also socially more of a stranger than either he or those who selected him for the task fully recognised. His Scots-Irish descent, the severe financial stringency of his boyhood and young manhood, and in maturity his own developing tastes and interests, all contributed to set him apart from Regular officers of conventional English upper-class stock and education. . . . There was not a trace of snobbishness in his character; and the British Regular Army, among its many noble and formidable virtues, numbers one minor vice (it is arguable that it is not even a vice)—an inveterate and all-suffusing snobbishness.

However this may be, all the evidence goes to show that Auchinleck did feel himself isolated when he was in high command outside India, and there may well be another reason in addition to that adduced by Mr. Connell. Like Kitchener, he had had few dealings with politicians until he was called upon to meet them at the highest level, and, again like Kitchener, he was very bad at stating his case in committee, with the result that he was often overruled even when it did not go wholly by default. For these reasons

his relations with Churchill were unhappy, for the Prime Minister gave him "everything but his confidence."

The root of the lack of understanding between these two men, both so estimable, so courageous and so patriotic, lay in the fact that Churchill, . . . despite his experiences as a battalion commander in the First World War, and despite his profound and protracted study of the art of war in all its aspects, remained at heart a civilian—a writer and a politician.

But he brought his civilian, Parliamentary manners—if not his outlook—into his relations with senior professional officers to whom they were bewildering, if not acutely distasteful. From his first, impressionable days in the House of Commons Churchill had matured in an atmosphere in which it is taken for granted that one Member may, within the limits of courtesy and veracity laid down by the Speaker, abuse another with unrelenting ferocity on the floor of the House and then—his speech ended—walk out arm in arm with his opponent to a drink in the smoking-room or the bar. To all soldiers, as to many

Civil Servants, this is incomprehensible; they are unaccustomed to being abused to their faces by their superiors, or to blackguarding their equals in public.

Auchinleck was, of course, not the only general who suffered in this way, but he suffered more than most because, owing to the circumstances of his earlier life, the ways of politicians were a closed book to him: also, he received the thunderbolts from afar, and in consequence he had little or no experience of Churchill in the repentant mood which so often followed his more violent outbreaks.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in both the British and the Roman Empires the generals whose service and experience had been principally in the East rarely excelled in the West, and if they did, they did not remain in the ascendant for long. Wellington was, of course, an exception, but he was an exception to most rules. Auchinleck was the latest example of a tendency which stretched back for 2000 years since Augustus had turned the tables on Antony.

Even when we come to his subordinates it is to find that his ill-luck still held. At a critical moment in the campaign in North Africa he asked for the services of Lieut.-General V. V. Pope, who was the greatest expert on armoured warfare

in the British Army, and was the first member of the Royal Tank Regiment to reach the higher levels of command. Pope had theories about the employment of tanks which were to be put into practice in the years to come with the greatest success, but he was killed in an air crash just outside Cairo, and so Auchinleck was deprived of his generalship within a few days of his arrival. Mr. Connell rightly says "the loss was heavy," for if Pope had lived, North Africa might have been cleared of the German and Italian forces much earlier than proved to be the case.

So the author's narrative moves to its conclusion. Opinions may differ as to the desirability of removing Auchinleck from his Middle East command, but that the manner of doing it left everything to be desired will hardly be disputed, nor can any other feeling than disgust be engendered by the way in which his memory was deliberately and systematically blackened. He himself behaved with great dignity, and he went on at once without recrimination to the next task which came his way which turned out to be the preservation of the Indian Army as an effective fighting force during the transfer of power in the sub-continent, and the establishment of the new state of Pakistan. Today, with the ever-increasing menace of Red China on the Indian frontier, the world has more cause than ever for gratitude to him for what he accomplished in circumstances when a less public-spirited man might well have considered himself entitled to skulk in his tent.

Mr. Connell has made a real contribution to

history with this book, but it would be idle to pretend that, like the Alanbrooke Diaries, it does not raise serious doubts about the British methods of waging war, and it is to be hoped that the changes which have recently been effected in the national Defence system will, in the event of a future war, prevent some of the blunders described in these pages. There can be no doubt, too, that in both books the reputation of Churchill as a strategist is seriously called in question, and, in the interest of historical truth, it can only be a matter for regret that his great age rules out the possibility of a personal reply to the criticisms of the generals.

* "Auchinleck: A Biography of Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, G.C.B., G.C.I.E., C.S.I., D.S.O., O.B.E., I.L.D." By John Connell. Illustrated. (Cassell; 35s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JOHN CONNELL.

Born in 1909, Mr. John Connell was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He joined the *Evening News* in 1932 and served in the Royal Artillery during the Second World War. Since 1932 he has been leader-writer for the *Evening News*, and his other activities have included being Deputy Mayor of St. Pancras. His numerous published works include biographies of Winston Churchill and of W. E. Henley (James Tait Black Memorial Prize), novels, a children's story and books on politics, travel and allied subjects.



MAJOR (BREVET LIEUT.-COLONEL) C. J. AUCHINLECK, D.S.O.: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1921. MR. JOHN CONNELL'S CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY OF AUCHINLECK IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF FIELD MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK—PAINTED IN 1959 BY MR. EDWARD SEAGO, REPRODUCED IN THE BOOK UNDER REVIEW BY PERMISSION OF THE UNITED SERVICE CLUB. (These illustrations from the book "Auchinleck" are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

WRECKS OFF SCOTLAND AND YORKSHIRE.



THE 360-TON LEITH COASTER *SERVUS* ON THE ROCKS BELOW DUNBEATH CASTLE, CAITHNESS. HER CREW WERE TAKEN OFF BY THE CROMARTY LIFEBOAT ON DECEMBER 8. Three vessels got lines on board the disabled Leith coaster *Servus* to prevent her drifting on to the Caithness coast. However, she radioed that the crew were abandoning ship and they were rescued by the Cromarty lifeboat. The unfortunate coaster was washed on to the rocks.



WITH HER CREW OF TWELVE DROWNED: THE ABERDEEN TRAWLER *GEORGE ROBB* BEING BLOWN ON TO THE ROCKS BELOW THE GRIM STACKS OF DUNCASBY ON DECEMBER 7. One of the worst tragedies in the recent storms was the wreck of the Aberdeen trawler *George Robb*, 217 tons, with the loss of her crew of twelve off the Caithness coast. Aberdeen city council has set up a relief fund. Longhope lifeboat made a brave but vain attempt to help.



THE DREDGER *PORT SUNLIGHT* DRIVEN ASHORE BY HEAVY SEAS AT FLAMBOROUGH HEAD. SHE BROKE AWAY FROM THE DUTCH TUG *TITAN* WHO WAS TOWING HER. The 750-ton dredger *Port Sunlight* is shown here driven ashore at Flamborough Head. She was being towed by the tug *Titan* when the line snapped and the crew of five leaped overboard. Two were drowned but the rest reached safety and managed to climb the 200-ft. cliffs. Although none of the three could swim they were washed on to the shore by the force of the waves.

A BRAVE CAPTAIN AND HIS SHIP.



A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE FINNISH SHIP *ANNA* BEING BROUGHT ASHORE BY BREECHES-BUOY AT ST. COMBS, ABERDEENSHIRE. ALL SEVENTEEN WERE RESCUED.



AFTER REMAINING ON BOARD HIS SHIP ALONE FOR TWENTY-SIX HOURS: CAPTAIN JOHAN VUORIO BEING HAULED TO THE SHORE ON DECEMBER 9.



THE SIXTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD CAPTAIN BEING HELPED FROM THE SEA BY HIS RESCUERS. HE ONLY AGREED TO LEAVE HIS SHIP WHEN ORDERED BY THE OWNERS TO DO SO. After he had seen the seventeen members of his crew to safety on December 8 Captain Johan Vuorio, the sixty-two-year-old skipper of the Finnish freighter *Anna*, refused to leave his ship and remained there for twenty-six hours alone. She ran aground at St. Combs, Aberdeenshire, on December 7. He only agreed to leave when her owners ordered him to do so and he was brought ashore by breeches-buoy.

THE HARVEST OF THE STORM: SCENES OF TRAGEDY AND RESCUE IN THE GALES.



THE BROUGHTY FERRY LIFEBOAT *MONA* IN WHICH THE ENTIRE CREW WERE DROWNED ON DECEMBER 8 IN ATTEMPTING TO HELP THE DRIFTING NORTH CARR LIGHTSHIP.

THE entire crew of eight of the Broughty Ferry lifeboat *Mona* lost their lives on December 8 as they were on their way to help a lightship, North Carr, that was drifting off the Fife shore. The lifeboat *Mona* was found high and dry on the shore near Buddon Ness, on an even keel and with little apparent damage. It is not quite sure how the disaster happened. Five bodies were found in the wheel-house and two more on the beach. The eighth man has not been recovered. As a result of the disaster seven young children have been orphaned. *Mona* had been in service for twenty-four years and is the third Scottish east coast lifeboat to suffer disaster in six years. The Lord Provost of Dundee has opened a lifeboat disaster fund. We also show here the Norwegian trawler *Ertnam* after she had been drifting for four days, and a Torbay rescue.

(Right.) *MONA* SURROUNDED BY A SAD CROWD ON THE BEACH. THE LORD PROVOST OF DUNDEE HAS OPENED A LIFEBOAT DISASTER FUND. SEVEN YOUNG CHILDREN HAVE BEEN LEFT FATHERLESS BY THE WRECK.



MONA AS SHE LAY ON THE BEACH AT BUDDON NESS AFTER BEING THROWN UP BY THE SEA. THE BODIES OF FIVE OF THE CREW WERE FOUND IN THE WHEEL-HOUSE.



THE 284-TON NORWEGIAN TRAWLER *ERTNAM* WHICH, AFTER DRIFTING FOR FOUR DAYS, WAS SPOTTED ABOUT SIXTY MILES SOUTH-EAST OF LERWICK, THE SHETLAND ISLES, ON DECEMBER 9 AND WAS BROUGHT TO SAFETY BY THE LERWICK LIFEBOAT.



RESCUED WITH HIS PUPPY: AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD DUTCH BOY WHO WAS SAVED FROM A DRIFTING BARGE IN TORBAY. THE BARGE WAS ONE OF THREE IN TOW BY THE DUTCH TUG *CYCLOOP*. IT BROKE LOOSE AND THE BRIXHAM LIFEBOAT CAME TO THE RESCUE.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

HARNESSING SUN AND STARS.

LIABLE as I am to enjoy things for what must appear to many as totally inadequate reasons—blast-furnaces for their majesty, for example, a Pekinese of my acquaintance for his air of knowing exactly what he wants from life and getting it—it is no surprise to myself when I realise I am spellbound mooning about among the scientific instruments illustrated here.

The best single collection of such things known to me is the one presented to Oxford by Mr. J. H. Billmeir and housed in the Old Ashmolean (now officially the Museum of the History of Science), which was the subject of a note on this page two years ago; and the catalogue of that collection, with its supplement and lengthy bibliography, is an invaluable guide to anyone who might find himself fascinated by them. The subject is alarmingly complex and would be sufficient to frighten off anyone but those who used to be known as Senior Wranglers, were it not for the mingled simplicity and beauty of these ancient instruments which, though a great many remain, in part at any rate, incomprehensible to ordinary mortals, have in miniature much of the grandeur and ingenuity of that gigantic cat's cradle at Jodrell Bank.

The recent dispersal of the late Mr. H. R. Wray's Collection in London provided a further opportunity to handle some of them. Here are a few from about 160, chosen, I must admit, rather at random and largely because I found their shapes intriguing—or anyway photogenic—rather

Butterfield's is a very rare, and, for all I know, unique case, of an English craftsman emigrating to France and there establishing himself; the normal exchange, and very greatly to our good, was in the opposite direction. This particular pattern seems to have been made a little before his time, so perhaps he can be said to have popularised and perfected it rather than invented it; certainly he was the most famous instrument-maker of his day in Paris, so that the many similar sundials signed by others in the 18th century are

practical and used for surveying and for astronomical observations from at least A.D. 500 in Alexandria and possibly as early as the 2nd century B.C., we are tempted to know better and assert that they have something to do with magic; and, it so happens, we should not be far out, for I note that they were used as well "to perform many other astronomical operations, especially those which were of interest to astrologers." The earliest dated astrolabe is Persian of the 10th century A.D., but they were certainly in use long before then and were not superseded in Europe until well into the 17th century.

Imposing though this object may be and evocative of heaven knows what mystery of outer space, one moves with relief to something more readily comprehensible, the charming little ivory pillar dial of Fig. 3A. The measurements are incised on the column and the metal gnomons are concealed within; as neat a little pocket affair as one can imagine, though presumably one would need to carry with one a separate pocket compass, so thoughtfully provided as part of the horizontal Butterfield type and in most other kinds—e.g., the German diptych of Fig. 3C—with its horizontal and vertical dials hinged together. Most of these diptych dials are rectangular. This one is unusual—octagonal, with the dial on the inside of the upper leaf, with hour lines radiating from a by no means cheerful-looking sun. Place of origin—Nuremberg; the maker, the well-known craftsman of his day Leonhard Miller; time, early 17th century. Another Nuremberg maker, David Beringer, of the late 18th century, was responsible for the Pedestal Block Dial of Fig. 3B—a wooden cube with printed and coloured dials

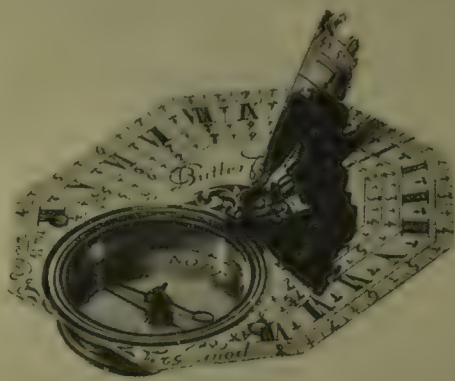


FIG. 1. A SILVER OCTAGONAL POCKET DIAL BY BUTTERFIELD, PARIS, c. 1700, WITH HINGED GNOMON AND COMPASS, THE REVERSE ENGRAVED WITH RADIATING PLUMES: SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S ON NOVEMBER 30. (2½ ins. long.)

usually referred to by his name. The compass, of course, is necessary because the shadow thrown by the gnomon marks on the hour scale the position of the sun in relation to the meridian. The other well-known Paris maker, who was Butterfield's contemporary and who also made these "Butterfield Dials," was Nicolas Bion, instrument-maker to the king (c. 1652-1733). His book, "The Construction and Principal Uses of Mathematical Instruments," was translated from the French edition of 1716, and was published in London in 1723.

But of all these instruments the one which, as far as I am concerned, exercises the most compelling fascination is the astrolabe, and this in spite of the fact that the more I read about it the more mysterious I find it. Here in Fig. 2 is one of two astrolabes from the Wray Collection. All astrolabes are beautiful to the sight if only because of the complicated pattern engraved upon them, and this brass example, from 17th-century Lahore, is no exception. I note it appears in the very learned catalogue as Indo-Portuguese, so do not propose to argue about the Portuguese influence in it—which to me is invisible. It is engraved with a formidable number of signs, graphs and tables, the high bracket inscribed on the front with part of the "Throne" verse from the Koran.

Having just re-read three times the careful instructions in the Billmeir catalogue about the use of this object I beg to report that I don't understand a word of it—and that, I emphasise, is no reflection upon the erudite compiler but upon myself; but I am sure none of us, however ignorant we may be of meridian almucantars, or ecliptics (both, in fact, quite cosy little notions), can fail to take pleasure in the precision and fine nervous calligraphy of the engraving. However much we may be assured that these instruments were purely



FIG. 2. AN INDO-PORTUGUESE BRASS ASTROLABE, INSCRIBED ON THE FRONT WITH PART OF THE KORAN: LAHORE, 17TH CENTURY. FROM THE SAME SOTHEBY'S SALE. (8½ ins. high.)

than for any solemn scientific reason. It is quite difficult to realise that 300 years ago watches were very great rarities and that to own such a thing even 200 years ago was a proof that you were somebody; most ordinary people relied upon the sun alone or upon the comparatively rare public clock. As to early watches they were marvels of the craft of the goldsmith, but it was as well to check them by means of a sundial when that was possible. Hence a very considerable manufacture of small pocket sundials of various kinds; one great centre for the production of these and of other scientific instruments was Nuremberg. The most charming as well as the simplest of pocket sundials of the late 17th century were Paris made, and derive their name "Butterfield Dials" from that of an Englishman who was born in 1635, worked in France from 1677, and in Paris itself from 1685 until his death at a good old age in 1724. They are usually of engraved silver as this one (Fig. 1), with the gnomon (that is, the pointer) in the shape of a bird, and with the hour plate octagonal, though a few oval ones are recorded.



FIG. 3. (A) AN ITALIAN IVORY PILLAR DIAL: 17TH CENTURY. (4½ ins. high.) (B) A PEDESTAL BLOCK DIAL, ON A WOODEN BASE WITH A COMPASS: LATE 18TH CENTURY. (7½ ins. high.) (C) A GERMAN TABLET DIAL WITH A GLUM HUMAN-FEATURED SUN: EARLY 17TH CENTURY. (2½ ins. long.) ALL THREE ARE FROM SOTHEBY'S SALE OF NOVEMBER 30.

and five metal gnomons, with a plumb-line suspended from the side.

There is one of this type and by the same maker in the Science Museum, South Kensington, honoured by a mention in that marvellous institution's catalogue "Time Measurement." A small section of the collection, not the least interesting though not of particular importance, was that devoted to such simple workaday things as geometrical instruments mainly of the 18th century; several were signed *Butterfield à Paris*—a whole fish-skin case, for example, containing Protractor, Sector, and combined Set Square, Ruler and Plumb, in brass, and others in silver, including one marked in the old measures of "pouces du Rhin" and "pouces du Roy." What was the former?—the latter was, of course, the inch, one-twelfth of a foot. And when shall we be logical and adopt the metric system? Another splendid dial was a late 17th-century equinoctial ring dial by Rowley—also of silver—which is now in a Paris collection.

ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL TREASURES ON LOAN TO GLASGOW.



"GEOFFREY CHAUCER AND HIS NINE AND TWENTY PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO CANTERBURY," BY WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827): ON LOAN IN GLASGOW. (Tempera on canvas: 18½ by 53½ ins.)



"AN UNKNOWN MAN," BY EL GRECO (DOMINICO THEOTOCOPULI) (c. 1545-1614): FROM POLLOK HOUSE. (Oil on canvas: 28½ by 18½ ins.)



"ADAM NAMING THE BEASTS," ANOTHER OF THE SIX WORKS BY BLAKE IN THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY. (Tempera on canvas: 29½ by 24½ ins.)



"THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER," BY EL GRECO: PAINTED c. 1575, AND PROBABLY THE OUTSTANDING WORK IN THE COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas: 24½ by 19½ ins.)



A SALT, MADE OF BLOODSTONE, AND MOUNTED IN SILVER-GILT: GERMAN, c. 1600 OR EARLIER—POSSIBLY A GIFT FROM MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. (7½ ins. high.)



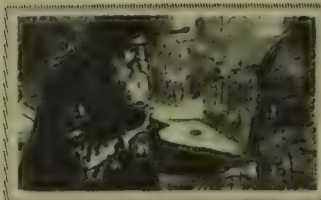
A SILVER-GILT MODEL OF AN OWL, MADE IN VIENNA IN 1722: ANOTHER FINE PIECE ON LOAN FROM POLLOK HOUSE. (9½ ins. high.)



A NAUTILUS SHELL CUP, MOUNTED IN SILVER-GILT: MADE BY TOBIAS WOLFF IN NUREMBERG, c. 1615—A FASCINATING PIECE. (16 ins. high.)

Until April 3 the Glasgow City Museum and Art Gallery, Kelvingrove, is enriched by the loan of highly important pictures and some fine silver from Pollok House, on the south side of Glasgow. Among the paintings are two El Grecos, one a portrait of a beautiful young lady, long known as "The Artist's Daughter," although it has never been fully established that he had one. The picture, none the less, is of astonishing magnificence—the dark-haired lady with fine eyes, elegantly holding a thick fur lightly wrapped round her shoulders. Other Spanish pictures in the collection include two brilliant studies of children playing, by Goya, which

were illustrated in colour in our 1958 Christmas number. But among the most exciting works on view are six highly important Blakes, two of which are illustrated on this page. The others include "A Vision of the Last Judgment" and the "Entombment." Silver forms an important part of the Pollok House Collection. Most of the English and Scottish pieces are late 17th and 18th centuries, but the Continental silver—of which three examples are shown here—is mostly about a hundred years earlier. The collection contains good and unusual examples of Italian and Russian silver. There is also a Henry VII Apostle spoon of 1490.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



A COMPELLING THING IS CURIOSITY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

VICTOR HUGO said that curiosity is one of the forms of feminine bravery, and two centuries earlier Hobbes had defined it as the desire to know why and how, a desire "such as in no living creature but man." It might also be described as the underlying motive in all research and it is certainly a compelling ingredient of animal behaviour, at least that of the higher animals, as well as man, so much so that it has come to be recognised within recent years as one of the four most important aspects of animal behaviour. One of the outstanding ways in which this can be seen at work is in the so-called charming behaviour of foxes, stoats and other carnivores.

This is a topic that has long interested me, and reference to it has been made on this page in recent months. Because of further correspondence from readers of that previous article it is worth while to revert to it. This "charming" consists of a stoat or other carnivore apparently playing, tumbling and somersaulting, twisting and turning as if it had taken leave of its senses, while rabbits or birds draw near to watch. Then, when they are close enough, the carnivore drops its clowning and pounces on a victim. Such scenes have been many times described, and always with the implication that this was a deliberate ruse to make an easy killing.

To assume that such antics are deliberate seemed to me to be crediting the animals performing it with an intelligence that was not fully justified. As a result I was inclined to the view that, since carnivores are known to be very playful, it could so happen that while playing they aroused the curiosity of their natural prey and so obtained an easy dinner. I assumed also that a carnivore, whether fox or stoat, might well repeat the performance deliberately, after once having succeeded by accident, but that we could hardly accept this behaviour as being as intelligent as it seems.

Mr. H. C. Hayward, of Leigh, Lancashire, is of the opposite opinion. He claims to have witnessed it a number of times, and a typical example, given in his letter, is worth quoting: "I once had a perfect view of a stoat, and keeping behind a hedge watched from about 50 yards. When first seen, the circle of birds [that had gathered to watch] would be ten or eleven feet across. The stoat kept turning somersaults and turns at speed on the same spot and the circle of birds pressed slowly forward until there was a solid ring of birds only about a yard in diameter when the stoat made its dive for a bird. . . . Personally I think it happens far more often than is generally thought, and when the animal is hungry and unable to catch a bird by normal stalking. . . . If any of the birds (and there may be up to fifty of them) sees the human

observer, the alarm is given and the circle immediately broken up."

In the course of further correspondence on this, Mr. Hayward reminded me that a fox can be seen to go, apparently quite deliberately, to the bank of a stream, and there to start "charm" in order to bring duck swimming in mid-stream to the bank to be caught.

At about the same time, there came a letter from Mrs. Gene Borrowman, of Perthshire, who frequently has stoats and weasels in the garden. She writes: "The stoat is sometimes seen quartering the ground, inspecting every hole in the ground and wall, obviously looking for quarry, during which the birds all give their alarm call. At other times, it is what I call exercising or playing, going through its wonderful acrobatics. During this performance the little birds are apt to follow its progress, with much twittering, while the blackbirds give their alarm

as it twisted and writhed as if in ecstasy on the grass. None of them took the slightest notice of us as we walked by them and sat down. We might not have been there at all for all the notice they took of us. The cat gradually worked its way nearer and nearer its victim. Ready now to strike, it suddenly rose and twisted sharply." Mrs. Allen adds that they watched this for about a quarter of an hour—and that her son upset the cat's plan by shouting at the crucial moment, when cat and rabbits disappeared as if by magic.

Two weeks ago, I wrote about the escape reaction, the reaction which causes a bird or beast to take refuge in flight when a potential enemy comes within a certain distance of it. This has been described as a reaction which takes precedence over everything else, whether hunger, love-making or fighting. I ventured to suggest then that while this may be normal behaviour, there is no invariable rule, and it does seem from the stories given here of charming that, strong though the escape reaction may be, and ordinary observation is sufficient to show just how strong it is, curiosity may, under certain circumstances, be stronger.

There used to be a common saying that curiosity killed the cat. We may be sure that curiosity has led to the death of many a stoat, because they in turn are the victims of the very weakness that they seek to exploit in their victims. A stoat will on occasion show the greatest curiosity in a person sitting and watching it—and then bang goes the keeper's gun.

Captain J. Hacking Smyth, also of Co. Cork, wrote to me some years ago about the great bustard, a bird which, he said, was "extremely difficult to approach and few have been killed with a shotgun, but on one occasion . . . while on horseback I approached a pair to within 10 yards, the male bird displaying, and my presence was apparently unobserved by them as they made no attempt to move away."

All this reminds us of the tricks used to lure bigger game within gunshot range, such as someone lying on his back and waving a white flag to attract deer within range, or someone lying on his back and waving his legs in the air to attract antelope. A man on horseback, presumably, is not recognised as a man, and therefore not an enemy. Fear and the escape reaction, on the one hand, and curiosity, on the other hand, must frequently be in conflict, and perhaps the one general conclusion we can reach is not without its interest. Thus, as described by Mrs. Borrowman, a stoat behaving normally will call forth the alarm calls of the birds. But a stoat lying on its back or somersaulting, the equivalent approximately of a man lying on his back and waving his legs or a flag, will cause curiosity to triumph over fear. The only other conclusion I would voice is that while charming may be sometimes accidental, I am convinced from the observations I have here quoted that it is probably often used deliberately by hungry carnivores.

Finally, I would recall an incident, probably one of many similar incidents during the years 1939 to 1945. A bomb had fallen just outside the London Area, beside a main road. When it was first reported, there were only a few passers-by. The presence of the bomb was reported and the usual notice was put up: "Danger. Unexploded Bomb." Within a few minutes a crowd had collected, all eagerly gazing at the spot where at any moment the ground might erupt under their feet. Hobbes had not studied animals.



IN A TYPICAL ATTITUDE OF "QUIZZING" AN INTRUDER: A STOAT WHICH, IN COMMON WITH OTHER SMALL CARNIVORES, EXPLOITS THE SENSE OF CURIOSITY IN ITS VICTIMS BY SO-CALLED CHARMING TACTICS. STOATS, HOWEVER, HAVE OFTEN BEEN KNOWN TO MEET THEIR OWN END THROUGH CURIOSITY.



RIVAL CURIOSITIES! THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS INTENDED TO SHOW DUCKS GOING FORWARD IN A BODY TO INVESTIGATE A POLECAT (TAME) PLAYING IN THE VEGETATION. BUT TO SOME OF THEM THE CAMERA PROVED MORE PROVOCATIVE OF CURIOSITY THAN THE POLECAT—WHICH WOULD SEEM TO STRENGTHEN DR. BURTON'S POINT.

Photographs by Jane Burton.

call. This summer I was interested to see a number of swallows dive-bombing the stoat as it leapt and twisted. . . . At the same time there were two water wagtails feeding on the lawn. These took no notice of the stoat, except when one of its rushes took it directly towards them, when they just rose a couple of feet, vertically, into the air. The stoat passed underneath and they landed again and continued feeding."

On the same subject came the letter from Mrs. Dorothy Allen, of Co. Cork, Eire: "In Galway, my son and I were surprised to see five well-grown rabbits sitting as though enchanted, their eyes fixed on a large cat of wild or half-wild appearance,

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE NEW ISRAELI AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN: MR. A. LOURIE. Mr. Arthur Lourie, who is fifty-six, and who has held the position of Israeli Ambassador to Canada for the past two years, will take up his new appointment as Ambassador to Great Britain in February 1960. He will succeed Mr. Elath, who has represented Israel in London for more than nine years.



AN OUTSTANDING BRITISH PAINTER: THE LATE SIR STANLEY SPENCER. Sir Stanley Spencer, the well-known painter, died on December 14 at the age of sixty-eight. Born at Cookham, where he lived most of his life, he occupied a leading position among contemporary artists, and was perhaps known to most for his religious paintings, particularly for "Christ Bearing the Cross" and "The Nativity."



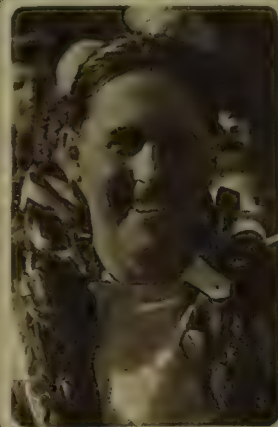
ELECTED FIRST PRESIDENT OF CYPRUS: ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS. Archbishop Makarios has been elected the first President of the future Cyprus Republic. He defeated, on December 14, his opponent, Mr. John Clerides, by a large majority in a 90 per cent. poll. The Archbishop's victory has been greeted with special relief by the Turkish community, which distrusted Mr. Clerides' party.



DEATH OF A POPULAR FRENCH FILM STAR: M. HENRI VIDAL. M. Henri Vidal, who died suddenly from a heart attack on December 10, aged forty, was one of the best-known of French film actors, excelling in tough gangster roles, particularly in René Clair's "Porte des Lilas." In 1950 he married Michèle Morgan, whom he met when working on one of his first films, "Fabiola."



A FAMOUS BALLET DESIGNER: M. ALEXANDRE BENOIS. M. Alexandre Benois, whose Christmas exhibition at the Arthur Tooth Gallery of *décor* designs and costume drawings for the Festival Ballet production of "Nutcracker" is illustrated in this issue, is now approaching his ninetieth year. Next month his "Memoirs" will be published by Chatto and Windus.



(Left.) THE NEW WORLD DRIVING CHAMPION: MR. JACK BRABHAM, AN AUSTRALIAN. After taking fourth place in the recent Grand Prix race in Sebring, Florida, Mr. Jack Brabham, an Australian, became the 1959 world driving champion, with a total of thirty-one points. Having run out of fuel about half a mile from the finishing line, Brabham was forced to push his Cooper-Climax the remaining distance.



THE TRIUMPHANT OXFORD RUGBY TEAM WHO BEAT CAMBRIDGE 9-3 IN THE ANNUAL UNIVERSITY MATCH AT TWICKENHAM ON DECEMBER 8. The members of the XV are as follows: (l. to r., back row, standing) R. A. W. Sharp; G. C. Murray; F. E. R. Butler; J. R. S. Higham; P. C. P. Dawkins; D. P. Evans; J. Glover; and J. G. Willcox. In the middle row are: F. H. ten Bos; D. Jesson; M. S. Phillips (captain); S. H. Wilcock; and T. J. Baxter. Seated on the ground are: D. M. Davies and D. T. Stevens.

(Right.) A PROFESSIONAL CRICKETER CHOSEN TO CAPTAIN YORKSHIRE: MR. VIC WILSON. Mr. Vic Wilson, who is thirty-eight, has been chosen to captain Yorkshire in succession to Mr. J. R. Burnet, who led Yorkshire to victory in last season's county championship. Mr. Wilson is the first professional to be captain since about 1885. He made his first appearance in county cricket in 1946.



(Right.) COMMANDER LAWRENCE E. FLINT, HOLDER OF THE UN. OFFICIAL WORLD ALTITUDE RECORD. Commander Lawrence E. Flint, a United States Naval pilot, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for flying a McDonnell F4H Phantom II carrier jet at an unofficial world record altitude of 98,560 ft. The former record—94,658 ft.—was set up in July by a Soviet pilot.



SIX OF THIS YEAR'S NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS: (L. TO R.) DR. HEYVROSKY, DR. SEGRE, DR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIG. QUASIMODO, DR. KORNBERG AND DR. OCHOA. Six of this year's Nobel prize winners are shown here in Stockholm on December 10 just before they received their prizes. Dr. Heyvrosky, of Czechoslovakia, won the chemistry prize. Dr. Segre and Dr. Chamberlain, of the U.S.A., won jointly the physics prize. Sig. Quasimodo, of Italy, won the literature prize, and the medicine prize went jointly to Dr. Kornberg and Dr. Ochoa, of the U.S.A. The prizes were presented by the King of Sweden.



(Left.) HOLDER OF A SPEED RECORD: BRIG-GEN J. H. MOORE, OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE. Brigadier-General Joseph H. Moore, of the U.S. Air Force, was reported to have broken the existing (French) record of 1100.4 m.p.h. for jet aircraft when he flew an F-105 Thunderchief at 1216 m.p.h. He flew his craft at an altitude of 36,000 ft. over a 62-mile course at Edwards Air Force Base, California.



A LIFEBOAT COXSWAIN AWARDED A GOLD MEDAL FOR SAVING EIGHT PEOPLE: COXSWAIN RICHARD EVANS. Coxswain Richard Evans, of Moelfre, on the coast of Anglesey, has been awarded the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's Gold Medal for the rescue of eight people from the motor vessel *Hindlea* on October 27 this year. This is the highest award that the Institution confers.



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE PILGRIM TRUST: LORD EVERSHED. Lord Evershed, who is Master of the Rolls, was recently elected by the trustees of the Pilgrim Trust to succeed Sir Alan Lascelles as chairman. Lord Evershed, who has been a trustee since 1952, will take up his position as chairman at the beginning of January 1960. The Trust provides money for charity and the arts.



THE NEW BISHOP OF TRURO: THE RIGHT REV. JOHN MAURICE KEY. The Right Rev. John Maurice Key, who has been Bishop Suffragan of Sherborne, Dorset, since 1947, is to succeed Dr. E. R. Morgan, who resigned in October. Ordained in 1928, the new Bishop of Truro was rector of Stoke Damerel from 1940 to 1947 and has held other appointments in south-western England.



DESIGNATED COMMANDER OF THE U.N.E.F. IN THE GAZA STRIP: MAJOR-GENERAL GYANI OF INDIA. Major-General Prem Singh Gyani, of India, who is forty-nine, has been appointed Commander of the United Nations Emergency Forces in the Gaza Strip in succession to Major-General E. L. M. Burns, of Canada. The Indian contingent in the U.N.E.F. is the largest.

THE NORTH CARR LIGHTSHIP RESCUE; EXHIBITIONS; AND OTHER HOME EVENTS.



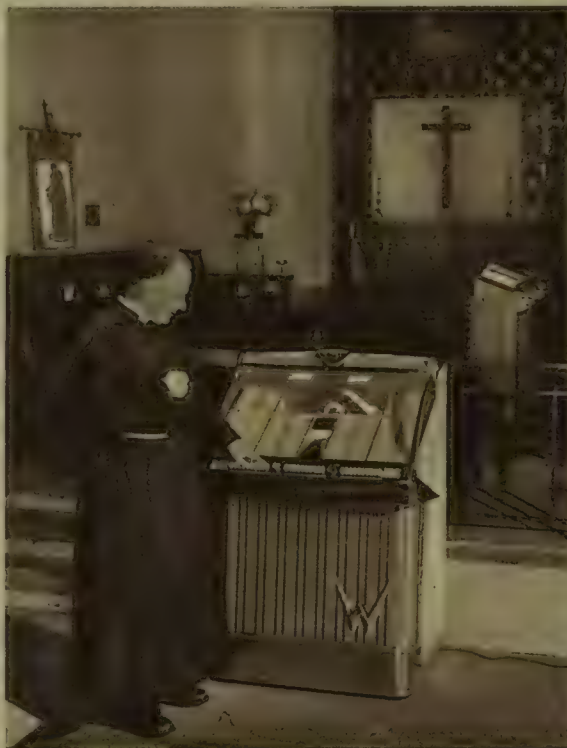
WITH THE CUP FOR THE BEST BIRD IN THE SHOW: MR. RAYMOND SAWYER, OF DALSTON, WITH HIS STREAMER-TAILED HUMMING-BIRD AT THE 16TH NATIONAL CAGE BIRDS EXHIBITION. The 16th National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria opened at Olympia on December 10 and the Duchess of Gloucester presented the silver cup for the best exhibit to Mr. Sawyer, who has been a frequent prize-winner during the last years.



AT HER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES MADE DURING A TRANS-WORLD FLIGHT: MRS. JULIET PANNETT, WHOSE WORK IS WELL KNOWN TO OUR READERS, SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR ERIC HARRISON. Some of the drawings made by Mrs. Pannett in her flight round the world have already appeared in our pages and these and many others are now on exhibition in the gallery at Qantas House, Piccadilly, since its opening on December 11.



MR. SWART, GOVERNOR-GENERAL DESIGNATE OF SOUTH AFRICA (LEFT), BEING GREETED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT GATWICK AIRPORT. When he arrived on December 10 for an audience with the Queen, Mr. Swart was met at Gatwick by (centre) the South African High Commissioner, Dr. A. J. R. van Rhijn, and Lord Home (right), Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations.



DESIGNED TO BRING TEENAGERS TO CHURCH: THE JUKE-BOX WHICH THE REV. CHRISTOPHER GARDNER HAS HAD INSTALLED IN A CHURCH IN WALWORTH, LONDON, S.E., TO PLAY "ROCK 'N' ROLL HYMNS." IT WAS FIRST USED ON DECEMBER 13.



AFTER HIS LUNCHEON AT NO. 10: KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN SHAKES HANDS WITH MR. MACMILLAN. On December 11 King Hussein, who is in England on holiday, called on the Prime Minister, and remained for a luncheon party in his honour. Among the guests were Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten.



GATHERING FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LOST CREW OF THE LIFEBOAT *MONA*: MOURNING RELATIONS AND FRIENDS AT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, BROUGHTY FERRY. IN THE BACKGROUND, THE LIFEBOAT SHED WITH FLAG AT HALF-MAST.

Elsewhere in this issue we record the tragic loss of the Broughty Ferry lifeboat *Mona* and her crew while attempting the rescue of the North Carr lightship in the Tay estuary; and also the spectacular rescue of the seven-man crew of the lightship by two helicopters of the



THE CREWS OF THE HELICOPTERS WHO RESCUED THE NORTH CARR LIGHTSHIP MEN: THEY INCLUDE SGT. BRITTON, MASTER NAV. SCROGGINS, F/LT. GARDNER, F/LT. MCCREAGH (WHO COMMANDED THE OPERATION), F/LT. MOREAU AND F/SGT. BREACH.

Air-Sea Rescue Flight from the R.A.F. Station at Leuchars. Here we reproduce the scene at the memorial service at Broughty Ferry, beside the lifeboat shed from which *Mona* made her last trip; and also the six officers and men who undertook the helicopter rescue operation.



HANDING OVER THE KEYS OF THE MILLIONTH HOUSE BUILT BY PRIVATE ENTERPRISE SINCE THE WAR: MR. BROOKE, MINISTER OF HOUSING, AT BLACKHEATH, LONDON. Mr. and Mrs. Sanders became on December 7 the occupants of the millionth house to be built by private enterprise since the war. Mr. Brooke said modern houses must not be "another dim repetition of outdated types, touched-up with a bit of marzipan."



HOW THE NEW CANNON STREET STATION WILL LOOK: SIR PHILIP WARTER, CHAIRMAN OF THE SOUTHERN AREA BOARD, WITH A MODEL. A LARGE PARKING SPACE WILL BE PROVIDED, AS WELL AS OFFICES.



FROM "THE DEMON BARBER," THE MUSICAL AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH: MRS. LOVETT (BARBARA HOWITT), WATCHED BY SWEENEY (ROY GODFREY), IS TIPPED TO HER DOOM.

LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL FLOODLIT; AND SWEENEY TODD IN BALLET AND MUSICAL.



WITH ITS FINE TOWER BEAUTIFULLY FLOODLIT TO MARK THE ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIETY'S GOLDEN JUBILEE: LIVERPOOL'S MODERN CATHEDRAL. Liverpool Cathedral, a striking example of modern ecclesiastical architecture, will be floodlit until early in January. This is to mark the Golden Jubilee of the Illuminating Engineering Society. The tower is 347 ft. high, and presents a beautiful spectacle under the floodlights.



FROM THE NEW BALLET ON SWEENEY TODD AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, BASED ON THE DIABOLICAL EXPLOITS OF THE BARBER OF FLEET STREET. In this scene from John Cranko's new ballet, "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," Sweeney Todd (Donald Britton) is seen with a victim he does not succeed in killing, the sailor, Mark Ingestre (Desmond Doyle). Music is by Malcolm Arnold.

PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE PRESS PICTURES OF THE YEAR 1959 COMPETITION.



"CITY WITCH-DOCTOR," BY IAN BERRY, *DRUM*, SOUTH AFRICA, WHO WON FIRST AWARD IN THE SEQUENCE CATEGORY. THE WOMAN WITCH-DOCTOR IS USING EVERY PART OF HER ABUNDANT PERSON TO CURE A MAD WOMAN.



"GOING INTO ORBIT," BY C. THOMAS, *EVENING CHRONICLE*, MANCHESTER, WHO WON THE FIRST AWARD IN THE SPORTS CATEGORY OF THE BRITISH PRESS PICTURES COMPETITION ORGANISED BY THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."



"RACING DIVE BY JUDY GRINHAM," WHICH HELPED WIN THE SECOND AWARD IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY: A BRILLIANT STUDY OF THE FAMOUS SWIMMER BY VICTOR BLACKMAN, *DAILY EXPRESS*, IN THIS COMPETITION.



"CRASH HORROR": A GRIM MOMENT CAUGHT BY COLIN FLETCHER, *SOUTHERN NEWS PICTURES*, FOR THE *DAILY MIRROR*, WHO WAS GIVEN SECOND AWARD IN THE NEWS CATEGORY.



"CRASH AT BRANDS HATCH": A RACING DISASTER IN GRAPHIC REALISM BY VICTOR BLACKMAN, *DAILY EXPRESS*, WHO WON A SECOND AWARD FOR HIS WORK.



"SLALOM ON WATER," BY PETER KEEN, *THE OBSERVER*, WHO GOT AN HONOURABLE MENTION IN THE PORTFOLIO CATEGORY: A DASHING VIEW OF A TURN BEING TAKEN IN WATER-SKI-ING



"TOUCH OR GO," BY W. BRADLEY, *NEWS CHRONICLE*, MANCHESTER, WHO WON THE SECOND AWARD IN THE SPORTS CATEGORY OF THIS COMPETITION THAT COVERS THE YEAR'S EVENTS.

Here we show a selection from the winning pictures in the British Press Pictures of the Year 1959 Competition which is organised by the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Dame Margot Fonteyn was to present the awards on Monday, December 14, at the Savoy Hotel. Two hundred and ninety-four Press photographers, the largest number to enter in any one year, put in over 2000 prints

for the scrutiny of the judges. The entries, which came from the British Commonwealth and from Ireland, were divided into seven categories. The 112 black-and-white pictures selected by the judges as being the best entered in the Competition will be shown throughout this country, Australia and South Africa. There were separate panels of judges for each category.

A NEW BUILDING AT SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE; AND OTHER HOME NEWS.



A PROPOSED NEW HEADQUARTERS FOR THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHPLACE TRUST AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE CONTEMPORARY-STYLED BUILDING. A £100,000 plan for new headquarters of the Trust may well culminate in the opening of this building on the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth—April 23, 1964. The scheme still needs formal planning consent, but the design and site have been approved by the Royal Fine Art Commission. The architects are Wood, Kendrick and Williams, of Birmingham.



AT THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY: THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTING THE BLEDISLOE MEDAL TO CAPTAIN G. L. BENNETT EVANS. At the Annual General Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, held on December 9, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother presented the Bledisloe Gold Medal for Landowners to Captain Evans of Llangurig, Montgomeryshire, for his work in reclamation of rough hill land.



THE SUPREME CHAMPION IN ITS CLASS IN THE 1959 SMITHFIELD SHOW: THE ABERDEEN-ANGUS STEER, PRINCE OF MERGER, OWNED AND BRED BY WYCH CROSS ESTATES. This outstanding Aberdeen-Angus steer became the holder of the "triple" crown of the three major fat-stock shows by winning the Supreme Championship at this year's Smithfield Show at Earls Court. The steer comes from a remarkable herd in Sussex.



PICCADILLY CIRCUS AS IT MAY LOOK—A REVISED PLAN: IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE PROPOSED NEW THIRTEEN-STOREY BUILDING WHICH IS CAUSING SUCH DISPUTE. Following widespread criticism, both in and out of Parliament, of the proposed developments on the north side of Piccadilly Circus, plans for the large thirteen-storey building have now been slightly revised. For example, the podium on which the "skyscraper" rests has been lowered some 10 ft. A public enquiry was due to open on Wednesday, December 16.

"THE NUTCRACKER": COSTUME DESIGNS BY ALEXANDRE BENOIS.



DANSE ORIENTALE, LE CAFE—ACT II: ONE OF THE COSTUME DESIGNS FOR "THE NUTCRACKER" BY ALEXANDRE BENOIS, NOW ON VIEW AT TOOTH'S.



DROSSELMAYER, THE GODFATHER—PROLOGUE, ACT I: ANOTHER OF THE LIVELY AND BRILLIANT DESIGNS BY ALEXANDRE BENOIS.



DANSE CHINOISE, LE THE—ACT II: DRAWN IN 1957, THE COSTUMES FROM THESE DESIGNS ARE SHORTLY TO BE USED IN THE FESTIVAL BALLET PRODUCTION.



JOHN PARSONS WEARING THE COSTUME FOR THE PART OF FRITZ, SHOWN IN BENOIS' DRAWING BELOW, WHICH HE WILL WEAR DURING THE PERFORMANCES.



THE ARMY OF MICE—ACT I: ANOTHER OF ALEXANDRE BENOIS' LIVELY DESIGNS EXECUTED FOR THE FESTIVAL BALLET.



BARBARA LORD IN THE COSTUME FOR THE ROLE OF KLARA, SHOWN BELOW, WHICH SHE WILL WEAR FOR THE FORTH-COMING PRODUCTION IN LONDON, FROM DECEMBER 26.



FRITZ VON STAHLBAUM—PROLOGUE AND ACT I: BENOIS' DESIGN REALISED ABOVE AND TO BE WORN BY JOHN PARSONS FOR THE LONDON PERFORMANCES.



THE ARMY OF THE NUTCRACKER—ACT I—WHICH FIGHTS THE ARMY OF MICE. SIXTY-THREE COSTUME DESIGNS ARE NOW ON VIEW AT TOOTH'S UNTIL JANUARY 9.



KLARA VON STAHLBAUM—PROLOGUE AND BOTH ACTS: THE CHARMING COSTUME WHICH BARBARA LORD IS SHOWN WEARING IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE.

An unusual and delightful Christmas exhibition is now being held at Arthur Tooth and Sons, Ltd., 31, Bruton Street, W.1, until January 9. It consists of sixty-three costume drawings for the ballet "The Nutcracker," executed by the celebrated creator and designer of the Ballets-Russes, M. Alexandre Benois. They were drawn in 1957, when he supervised a wonderful re-creation of that masterpiece for the Festival Ballet; and on that occasion he is recorded as having written, "I went back to

the days of my youth and tried to visualise the whole ballet with the eyes of a child." The remarkable freshness of Benois' creation is visible in every drawing, and his unique position in the world of ballet can be gauged when one realises that this grand old man, now nearing his ninetieth year, was present at the original production of "The Nutcracker" in St. Petersburg in 1892. Coinciding with the exhibition is a production at the Festival Hall, in which Benois' costumes are again being used.



A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG DANCER IN A SUMMER SETTING OF LAKE AND WOODS: A STUDY OF MISS ANTOINETTE SIBLEY, WHO RECENTLY TOOK THE LEADING ROLE IN "COPPELIA" AT COVENT GARDEN.

This fine study of the ballet dancer, Miss Antoinette Sibley, was taken this summer in the quiet setting of the wooded countryside near Esher, in Surrey. Miss Sibley became well known to London ballet audiences when she took over the leading role in "Swan Lake"—that of Odette-Odile—at Covent Garden on October 24, owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Nadia Nerina. Her performance was regarded as a considerable triumph, and a photograph

of her holding a bouquet of flowers on that evening was published in our issue of October 31. More recently, on December 12, Miss Sibley took the leading role in the Royal Ballet's "Coppélia"—that of Swanilda—at Covent Garden, and her performance on this occasion confirmed the opinion of many experts that she is a dancer of the very highest promise. She possesses great resourcefulness and made excellent use of her natural elegance and beauty.

Photograph by Houston Rogers.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

OTHER MATTERS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE know the year's acknowledged triumphs, the plays and performances that have been set down in letters of gold. I look back with enthusiasm to Sir Laurence Olivier's *Coriolanus* (which seems to me to be one of the most exciting creations of our day), to Barbara Jefford as Beatrice Cenci in a production that should have brought all London to the Old Vic (collectors will gloat over it in time to come), to "The Compliant Lover" and "The Aspern Papers," to "Cock-a-Doodle Dandy," and to "One More River," which should have lived, of course, through 1960. But I want now to talk of some of the year's acting, often in minor parts, that may not have been received trumpet-tongued, but that has remained with me, and will remain.

Frequently, "supporting" players find themselves relegated to a graveyard at the end of a review. If they are appearing at a repertory theatre, they are probably informed, glibly and meaninglessly, that they are of "a sound rep. standard." But British acting, taken all round, is uncommonly good. Let me remember now—working through the year—a few of the secondary performances that have impressed me, and ought not to be buried under the star-y-pointing pyramid of that mound of programmes.

Very well, then. Early, there was the quiet Yorkshireman of Bryan Pringle in "The Long and the Short and the Tall," notable particularly on a night when far too much of the speaking was muffled. I have said more than once, and I repeat it now, that a production can show astonishing variation in quality when it is watched and heard from different parts of the house. A drama critic should be asked to add to any notice the location of his seat: it might explain a great deal.

Forward: Nora Nicholson, beautifully true as the victim of a murder in "The Woman on the Stair"; Ann Walford, sympathetic and exact as the young nurse in Clemence Dane's under-valued "Eighty in the Shade"; Patrick McGeehan as St. Just in "Danton's Death"; Aubrey Woods as a simpering lieutenant in "Valmouth"; Marigold Sharman's Gertrude, fond, foolish and frightened, in the Closet scene of "Hamlet" at the Birmingham Repertory; an irresistibly vivacious performance by Christine Finn as the maid in "Tartuffe," at the Old Vic; June Brown's smoulder in "The Buskers," at the Arts; Alan MacNaughtan as a so-called "traitor" met only during his last hours, in "The Hidden River," at the Cambridge; Claude Hulbert's gentle, animated fish in "Let Them Eat Cake."

This is a catalogue, I agree; but chances of expressing gratitude are rare. So it is with all the more pleasure that I think of, say, Geoffrey Lumsden as the barking General in his own farce, "Caught Napping"—Mr. Lumsden has an agreeable sense of sound: I can still hear the crackling repetition of "Ootacamund—Ootacamund!"—Michael Blakemore's dogmatic Snout in a curious "Midsummer Night's Dream," at Stratford; Elizabeth Hart's poised Lucretia Borgia in "The Splendid Outcasts," at Pitlochry; Juliet Cooke's Dorinda (who, like her sister Miranda, had never looked upon man) in the Dryden-Davenant perversion of "The Tempest," at the Old Vic; John Carlin as

Birmingham's answer to Fernandel in the wordless part of the magistrate's servant in "Gammer Gurton's Needle" (Edinburgh Festival); Valerie Sarruf as the Princess's maid in "King's Daughter," at the Hampstead Theatre Club; Llewellyn Rees as the one glorious embodiment of common sense in "My Friend Judas"; Sonia Fraser as the consumptive daughter in "People of Nowhere," at St. Thomas's Church; and John Blatchley's editor in "Rosmersholm." There has been much more. I mention these because, as I

have shuffled the programmes, the sight of a name has suddenly returned to me a performance, the sound of a voice, in clear, exact detail.

It may be a time also to mention a few of the plays, a very few, that had less acclaim than they deserved. Probably, some of those from the provinces will come up again, for it is rare that you can keep a really good play down. I add with sorrow the rider, "Unless it is one that has failed in the West End." If this has happened, and even though its failure was, for

"The Ginger Man." (The run of this surpassed my expectation.)

In the matter of revivals, I wonder whether we shall have at any time the West End return of Barrie's "The Boy David," a fantasy that had one of the unluckiest passages in 20th-century record. Barrie, great craftsman though he was, has been out of favour: it is still the smart thing to be derisive. I am wondering whether there may be more balanced judgments when next year brings his centenary. Certainly I hope so, even if I doubt whether the West End will meet again the poignant fable of "The Boy David." Repertory productions have shown that Granville-Barker's faith in it was not misplaced, but that will not do, I fear, for anyone to whom so many things pre-war—the proper speaking of Shakespearean verse, for instance—are thrown away, thoughtlessly, as "old hat."

We were talking about the Other Plays of the year. On the whole, there were not many West End failures that one could have wished to be preserved. Arnold Wesker's "Roots" suffered, I believe, from its unfortunate title, a label that could not have attracted many to the theatre. "The Edwardians," substantial and urbane, was unlucky—it had merit as a picture of a lost age—and there was a little piece, "Dark Halo," at the Arts, that deserved more attention than it got. Outside the West End, I was impressed by Val Gielgud's "Not Enough Tragedy," at Colchester; Saunders Lewis's "King's Daughter," at the Hampstead Theatre Club; and Rosemary Ann Sisson's Borgia play, "The Splendid Outcasts," at Pitlochry. As I said of this at the time, the dramatist, other things aside, gets the essential quality of that strange, sultry world, like a mag-

nificent bloodstained tapestry seen in thunder-light upon a palace wall. I do not forget either the play or its production by the Belgian director, Jo Dua.

At this point I come back to the current West End theatre and its latest farce, something by Anthony Kimmins called "The Amorous Prawn." It would be monstrously unfair of me to say what the title means. Visitors to the Saville must discover it in the third act: excep-

tional for this kind of piece which often trickles away into a sandy delta of explanation. Not so here: the third act is the best of the three, and, whatever may be said in dispraise of Mr. Kimmins's invention, I imagine it is strong enough to endure through the Christmas holidays and after.

The idea is agreeably simple. While the General Officer Commanding the North-Western District is away on a Pacific mission, his wife—in urgent need of a thousand pounds—transforms the official residence in Argyll into a guest-house. It is simple as that in theory, but by no means simple in practice. Lady Fitzadam is an excellent host; she and the Army know just how to manage a pair of wealthy Americans, and, given the chance, I am sure she would have taken in the Borgias as well. But what is to happen when her husband returns unexpectedly? And, above all, what will happen on the advent of the Amorous Prawn? Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, and Stanley Baxter keep things moving with enjoyment; and to the list of the year's "supporting" players I add with enthusiasm Lucy Young as Private Biddy O'Hara, W.R.A.C.



THE PLOT IS HATCHED: A SCENE FROM "THE AMOROUS PRAWN," A FARCICAL COMEDY WHICH OPENED AT THE SAVILLE THEATRE ON DECEMBER 9. THOSE CELEBRATING ARE (L. TO R.) CORPORAL GREEN (STANLEY BAXTER), PRIVATE O'HARA (LUCY YOUNG), PRIVATE MALTRAVERS (DEREK NIMMO), LADY FITZADAM (EVELYN LAYE), PRIVATE HUGGINS (HARRY LANDIS), AND PRIVATE TIDMARSH (JEAN AUBREY).

a variety of reasons, the sheerest bad luck, re-birth will be intensely difficult. I agree that the student of theatre history can find some odd things if he delves: the revelation, for example, that in 1928 a version of a German comedy by Hasenclever ran for three performances in London, and in 1957 another version of the same feeble little piece lasted about nine times as long. (Watch for it again in 1986.) I hope myself that, in spite of tradition, we may meet again a revival of Beverley Cross's "One More River," among the most exciting plays of 1959, which died in exile, mourned by many—and, surely, by playgoers (it is a human failing) who wait to go to a production until it is established, and who then find it has been whisked from their sight. It was a great pity about "One More River," though it did have a longer life than



THE FIRST ENCOUNTER—IN THE BAR OF THE PLEASURE HOUSE: THE SCENE FROM THE VERY POPULAR "THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE, WHERE SUZIE (TSAI CHIN) MEETS ROBERT LOMAX (GARY RAYMOND), THE YOUNG ARTIST.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TREASURE ISLAND" (Mermaid).—The second production at Bernard Miles's theatre is a new version of Stevenson's romance, with Mr. Miles himself as Long John. (December 14.)

"A CLEAN KILL" (Criterion).—A "thriller" by Michael Gilbert, with Helen Christie, Rachel Roberts, Peter Copley, and Hugh Latimer; directed by Alastair Sim. (December 15.)

"BABES IN THE WOOD" (Players).—Maurice Browning's adaptation of H. J. Byron's pantomime of a century ago. (December 15.)

"MAKE ME AN OFFER" (New).—Wolf Mankowitz's musical play, transferred from Stratford-atte-Bowe, with Daniel Massey, Diana Coupland, Dilys Laye. (December 16.)

"ALADDIN" (Coliseum).—Bob Monkhouse, Doretta Morrow, Ronald Shiner, in pantomime with music and lyrics by Cole Porter, book by Peter Coke. (December 17.)

"PETER PAN" (Scala).—Julia Lockwood, formerly Wendy, becomes Peter. (December 18.)

UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 19: A STRANGE DUEL.



HYDRA VERSUS HYDRA—WITH DAPHNIA AS THE PRIZE: THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE IN A MICROPHOTOGRAPH.

This was the dénouement in a struggle under the microscope recorded in a series of photographs by Dr. Charles Walcott and illustrating an article on the Hydra by Dr. Allison L. Burnett, in "Natural History." Hydra is a tiny freshwater coelenterate animal, which usually "stays put," like a sea anemone, and waits for its food to come to it. When its prey approaches, it puts out its tentacles, in which are numerous cells called nematocysts, each of which has a thread which pierces, holds and paralyses the victim. Hydra's mouth begins to open and the prey is drawn into it. In the photograph we reproduce,

three hydras of a crowded colony can be seen. The one in the left foreground had seized a daphnia, or water flea, when the left background hydra intervened and also seized the daphnia with a tentacle, won the struggle for possession and can be seen here with its mouth extended to the greatest extent to ingest the captured prey. The defeated hydra in the foreground is budding about half-way down its body. This bud will continue to develop and will then become a separate entity. Since this is hydra's method of reproduction, it can be said that, like plants which are produced vegetatively, hydra is immortal.

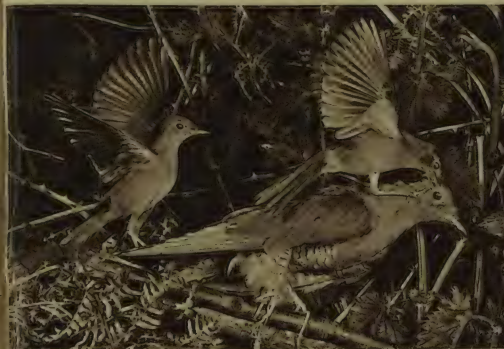
THE BELLIGERENCY OF BIRDS—ADMIRABLY DEMONSTRATED BY THE STRATEGIC PLACING OF DUMMIES NEAR NESTS AND FEEDING GROUNDS: A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.



ATTACKING A DUMMY PLACED NEAR ITS NEST: A MALE BLACKCAP.



THE EFFIGY OF A MUCH-HATED BIRD, THE CUCKOO, BEING ASSEALED BY A WILLOW WARBLER.



A DOUBLE ATTACK: TWO NIGHTINGALES LAUNCHING AN ASSAULT ON A STUFFED CUCKOO.



IN FLIGHT ATTACK ON A RAISED DUMMY: AN OYSTER-CATCHER.



STRIKING A DUMMY WITH ITS FOOT AND BEAK: A RINGED PLOVER.



NOT A DUMMY THIS TIME: A MISTLE THRUSH AND A HAWFINCH QUARRELLING.



THE HAWFINCH USES STRONG LANGUAGE AND THE MISTLE THRUSH RECOILS IN ASTONISHMENT.



USING BEAK AND CLAW: A TREE PIPIT ASSELTING A DUMMY CUCKOO.



PLUNGING ITS BEAK INTO THE NAPE OF A DUMMY CUCKOO'S NECK: A ROBIN.



APPEARING TO DISPUTE OVER THE VICTIM: STONECHATS AND STUFFED CUCKOO.



DIVE-BOMBING TACTICS ON AN EMACIATED DUMMY CUCKOO: A WHINCHAT.



LIKE A DANCE OF TRIUMPH: A CHAFFINCH POISED OVER THE BATTERED EFFIGY.

Many people will have noticed that birds seem to possess a strong land-owning instinct, and that they will frequently carry out fierce battles to safeguard their rights of possession. A cock robin, for example, will seldom permit a rival to stray into his portion of a garden, but will drive the intruder away. How strong this aggressive instinct is can be seen from the photographs illustrated on these two pages. In them, with two exceptions, birds of various sizes and species are carrying out full-scale attacks on dummies strategically placed in

the territories of these birds—often near their nests—for the purpose of studying their reactions. This piece of scientific research was carried out by Dr. Stuart Smith, a research biochemist, working in conjunction with Mr. Eric Hosking, the celebrated bird photographer. The results of their observations, and some of Mr. Hosking's photographs, appeared in a recent issue of the American publication, "Natural History." The first really important consideration was that the observers had to get close to the birds—close enough, in fact,

to be able to photograph their split-second reactions. The method chosen was to make use of stuffed birds placed in the territories of different species, close to the already-focussed and hidden cameras. A special flash apparatus was used, which made it possible to capture scenes taken at speeds of about 1/5000th of a second. Over a period of time, Dr. Smith and Mr. Hosking visited several parts of Great Britain carrying out their experiments, and everywhere the reaction of the birds was more or less the same—one of

prompt and planned assault. One of the most interesting series of experiments was with a dummy cuckoo and a number of the smaller song-birds, who much fear this large parasite. Some of the photographs on this page show that, small though they may be, these song-birds wreaked no uncertain destruction on the effigy, especially in the region of the neck and head. The impulse to attack a cuckoo was so strong that birds would even attack a head mounted on a stick. (Photographs by Eric Hosking, F.R.P.S., M.B.O.U.)

TO me, the legend of F. E. Smith is one of the greatest of all legends. He was one of the last grandees of English history. With a mind as keen as a diamond and a tongue as sharp as a razor; with immense legal acumen, political courage, and bursts of almost super-human industry alternating with a natural taste for indolence; with a taste for high and luxurious living, for brandy, cigars, yachts, cars and hunters; an advocate of unparalleled brilliance; an M.P. who made mincemeat of the Government Front Bench in his maiden speech; Lord Chancellor of England; Secretary of State for India—here was a magnifico whose audacity equalled his talents!

I remember reading, with much pleasure, the two-volume life of his father published by the present Earl of Birkenhead in, I think, 1933 or 1934, and rejoicing to find in it more than an echo of that rasping voice, savouring the matchless language in which it delivered a judgment, an appeal, or a series of poniard-thrusts, which I myself was privileged to hear all too seldom. This work has now been completely revised and brought out in a single volume, "F.E." It will certainly exceed its predecessor in popularity as it surpasses it in quality.

I could, and willingly would, fill the rest of this page with quotations from "F.E."—greatly to the satisfaction of my readers. But I must limit myself to a few. Here is the nineteen-year-old F. E. Smith castigating Sir Wilfred Lawson, a prohibitionist M.P., notorious for having inherited and destroyed a famous cellar of wine, who had come down to the Oxford Union to debate local option:

I tell you, sir, that in years to come, the honourable gentleman comes to me, when I am nestling in Abraham's bosom, and asks me for a drop of water, I shall say to him: "No, not a drop! You dissipated greater liquor!"

And here he is, a newly-elected Tory M.P., lambasting the great Liberal majority of 1906 and its supporters:

The Free Church Council gives thanks publicly that Providence inspired the electors with the desire and the discrimination to vote on the right side. Mr. Speaker, I do not, more than another man, mind being cheated at cards, but I find it a little nauseating, if my opponent then publicly ascribes his success to the partnership of the Most High!

There is much more in the same high vein of scorn and satire. Once when a judge said to him: "I have read your case, Mr. Smith, and I am no wiser now than I was when I started," he retorted: "Possibly not, My Lord, but far better informed." To another, who asked: "What do you suppose I am on the Bench for, Mr. Smith?", he replied: "It is not for me, Your Honour, to attempt to fathom the inscrutable workings of Providence."

Much of the most interesting new material on which Lord Birkenhead has been able to draw comes from the Royal Archives at Windsor Castle. It shows, among other things, King George V and the Lord Chancellor in a dispute as to whether the latter should not have worn a silk hat at a Downing Street meeting during negotiations for the Irish Treaty. In dealing with his father's personal characteristics, the author has been singularly successful in combining filial duty with respect for truth. Were I given to making such judgments, I should undoubtedly describe this as my "book of the year."

Another thoroughly satisfying volume—"book" seems a trifle plebeian for so magnificent a production—is *QUEEN VICTORIA*, a biography in word and picture by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. The pictures predominate, in rich and wonderful profusion; the words are few but well-chosen. There is one photograph of the old lady wearing a rare smile which I found most touching. (I also note that—no doubt owing to the photographic technique of those days—all members of Victorian Royal houses look both formidable and sour!)

Perhaps it is not very good manners to pass straight on to *ADVENTURES WITH THE MISSING LINK*, by Dr. Raymond A. Dart and Dennis Craig—a book of which I am sure that her late Majesty would have most strongly disapproved! It is rather a sad story. If Dr. Dart is to be believed—and who am I to question a scholar of his eminence?—it would seem that *Australopithecus*, as he has named this ambiguous ancestor of man, first proved his ascendancy over apes in a lower form of evolution by making weapons from bones and using them against his own kind as well as against his prey. (Since I do not see why the evolutionists should have it all their own way, may I not enquire whether Dr. Dart does not regard these findings as strong evidence for the doctrine of Original Sin?) Controversy apart, this is a book which will fascinate all those who are

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

interested in man's origins, or who want to know how scientific specialists in this subject set about their work.

Specialists—historical, this time—will welcome C. P. Stacey's work on *QUEBEC, 1759*, which tells the story of the storming of the Heights of Abraham by General Wolfe, and of the famous

of the four lighthouses on the Eddystone reef was built, the author tells us, in 1698, and its lantern contained a number of tallow candles. The fourth was completed in 1882, and its modern six pairs of beams are of "inconceivable candle-power."

Perhaps some readers may be induced by this book to collect lighthouses as others collect Norman castles.

This week's novels definitely take second place, though I enjoyed *I'LL DIE FOR YOU*, by Stephen Ransome. Mr. Ransome has now established a sound reputation as a writer of detective fiction, and he never fails to overcome my distaste for this kind of work in an American setting. His new book contains almost too many coincidences to be true, but the tension is most skilfully built up, and I could not guess the villain.

Mr. Anthony Glyn is, I suppose, "accomplished," in a rather slick way, and he writes about rather slick people. I found myself thoroughly disliking the hero of his new novel, *I CAN TAKE IT ALL*, but Mr. Glyn is never ingenuous, and in the end I began to feel a real interest in how this greedy, sensual, clever, ambitious mixture of arrogance and sycophancy would finally "make out." The setting is mostly in Finland, and there is a most attractive heroine.

The trouble with Miss Ursula Bloom's heroine, in *UNDARKENING GREEN*, is that as a little girl she is in no way (I thought) distinguishable from other little girls, and I had got bored with her long before she grew up and began to make mistaken marriages. A rather dull little novel about rather dull little people.

It would have been nice to have been able to extend a welcome to Sir Michael Redgrave's first novel, *THE MOUNTBANK'S TALE*, and to have hailed him as a master in a new art. Unfortunately, I cannot do this. His story is a somewhat improbable one about an actor's double who becomes his understudy and eventually takes over his whole personality, continuing the legend of the great actor's triumph while the latter quietly disappears. The *Doppelgänger* is always an interesting literary figure, offering authors plenty of psychological avenues to explore—but he has to be made convincing. I fear that I did not find Sir Michael's "Joseph Charles" convincing, though there are many passages in the book which are well contrived.

M. Raymond Peynet's new book of cartoons is called *THE LOVERS' WEEK-END BOOK*, and has a charm which only the most delicate French wit could have inspired, both in the drawings and in the captions to them. (When I say "delicate," I do not mean that this book will make a good Christmas present for great-aunt Agatha!)

"Molesworth's other masterpieces," I am told, "have now sold over 260,000 copies." This is not, perhaps, surprising, though I personally feel that a little of Molesworth goes a long way. Still, both Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle have done their practised best with the new instalment, *BACK IN THE JUG AGANE*—and I have taken it on the "chiz" without any notable damage!

Give me Ronald Searle's other masterpiece, "St. Trinian's," every time. The only criticism I have of *THE ST. TRINIAN'S STORY*, compiled by Kaye Webb, is that it purports to include "the pick of the Searle cartoons," and I do not believe that it does any such thing. But it does include, as a frontispiece, the one showing a girl leading an enormous hippopotamus, with a flustered mistress exclaiming: "Elsbeth!—put that back at once." The whole *St. Trinian's* story is, in its macabre way, very, very beautiful.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I HAVE occasionally in these Notes referred to *Kriegspiel*, that fantastic off-shoot of chess in which each player is kept in ignorance of the whereabouts of his opponent's pieces, except in so far as he is able to interpret stray clues based on what happens in the game.

I have also referred to postal chess, which differs from ordinary chess only in that the moves are sent by post, with time-limits measured in days rather than hours.

Postal chess is normally very serious stuff, *Kriegspiel* a mere *jeu d'esprit*. That a game of postal chess should ever degenerate into a sort of *Kriegspiel*, with a bit of poker and second sight thrown in, never occurred to me or, I am sure, to anybody else.

But this is the course taken by a game played in this year's British Correspondence Chess Championship (Alekhine's Defence):

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P-K4	Kt-KB3	7. B×B	P×P
2. P-K5	Kt-Q4	8. P×P	P-K3
3. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	9. P-QB4	Kt-K2
4. P-Q4	B-Kt5	10. Q×Qch	K×Q
5. B-K2	P-QB3	11. B-K4	Kt-Q2
6. Castles	B×Kt	12. P-B4	Kt-KB4

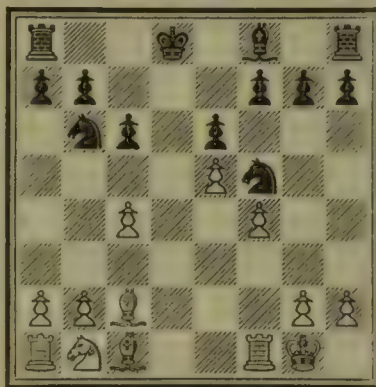
The "book" move here, and the one almost invariably played, is 12... Kt-QB4, attacking the bishop, to which White replies 13. B-B2.

The reply came "13. B-B2."

"He has taken my move to be 12... Kt-QB4, the routine," remarked Black to me; "13. B-B2 is completely pointless otherwise." So, with demoniacal intent, he now sent simply 13... Kt-Kt3.

Having moved Black's knight from Q2 the move before, White, on his board now, unsuspectingly plays his other knight to the other Kt3. So two entirely different positions now exist. A, the correct one:

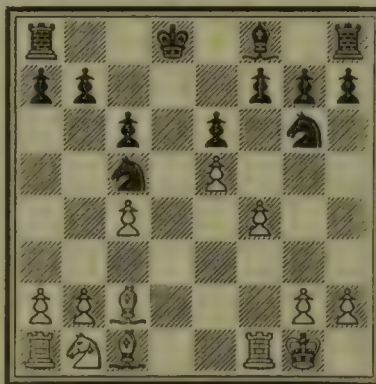
Black.



White.

... and B, which White thinks is correct and Black knows White thinks is correct but which is all wrong:

Black.



White.

The situation is charged with explosive. Anything could happen. It does:

14. B-K3??? Kt×B.

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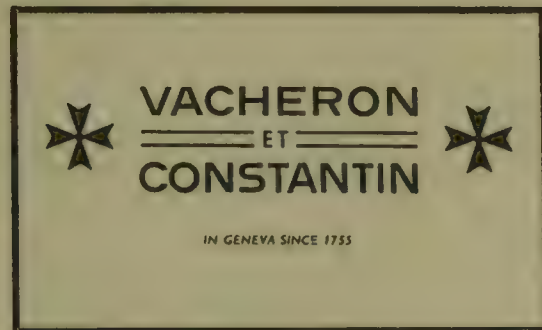
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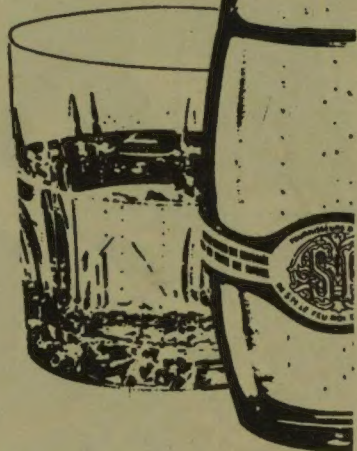
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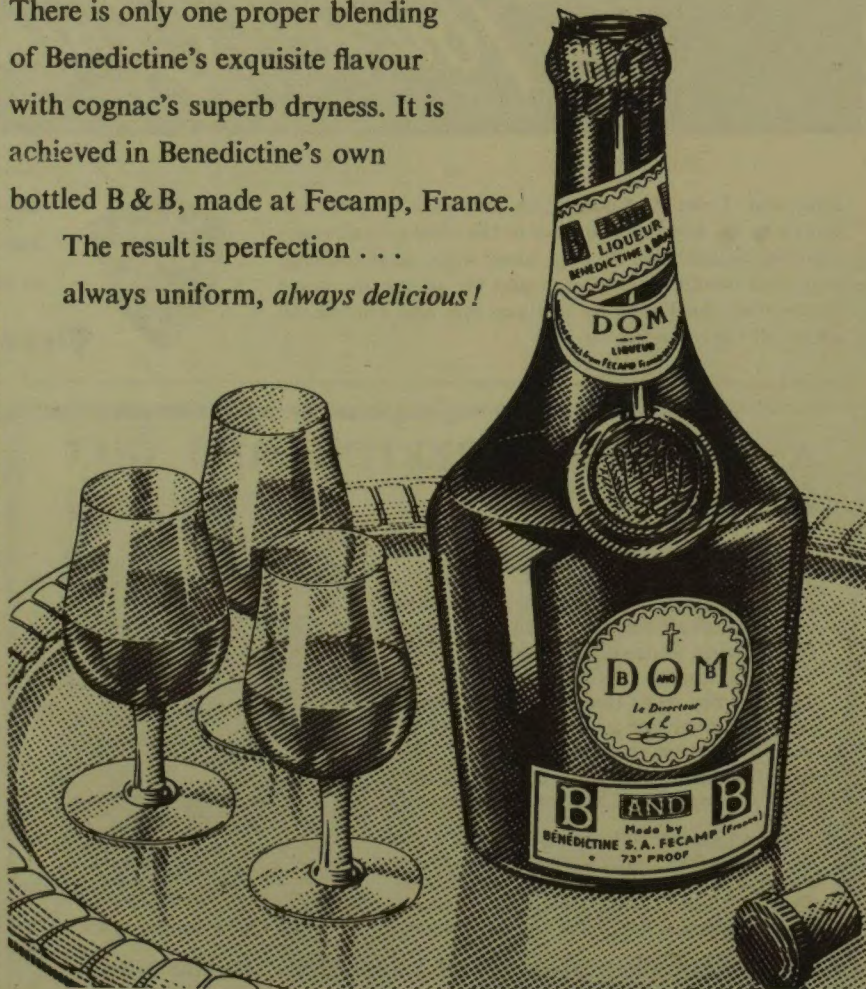
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Shell guide to WESTMORLAND



This is Westmorland, the "land of the dwellers west of the moors" (that is, the moors of Yorkshire). Fells, lakes, dales, and distances. Across the foreground a clear, gold, greeny beck slides along from a waterfall or "force" (which is the word *fors* of the Old Norse settlers), behind and below thin trees of the Rowan, Wigger or Mountain Ash (1), and by a dark Yew tree (2). Wrestlers strive on the grass, trail-hounds (as at the Grasmere Sports) are about to compete on the aniseed trail, girls in front of the cottage carry rushes and flowers in the August ceremony of Rush-bearing.

William Wordsworth (3) is above all the Man of Westmorland (though it was at Cockermouth in Cumberland that he was born, in 1770). His face on the crag is taken from the memorial in Grasmere Church. In life the great poet's solemn, horse-like face with the big family nose was lightened by a mouth which looked always on the verge of laughter. Above him perches that vivid summer migrant of the Lakes, the Pied Flycatcher (4), below him is a clump of Parsley Fern, so common on the wet, slaty rocks. A Dotterel (5), rare bird of the high moors, perches to the right. Far left stands a clump of Bistort, or "Easter Ledger" (6), from the leaves of which Westmorland housewives make Easter Ledger Pudding in the last weeks of Lent, with Dandelion, Lady's Mantle, egg and butter.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave so many people pleasure last year, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

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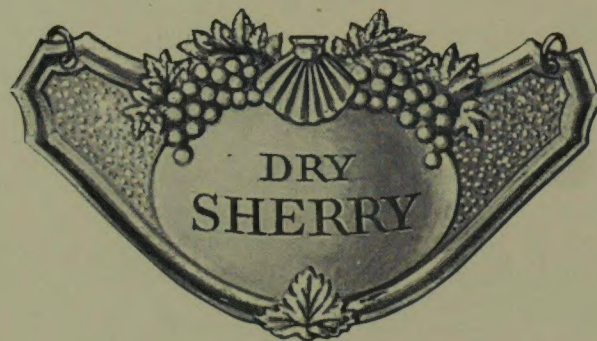
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